

John McLaughlin
BAKER IN '88?

APRIL 10, 1987

NATIONAL REVIEW



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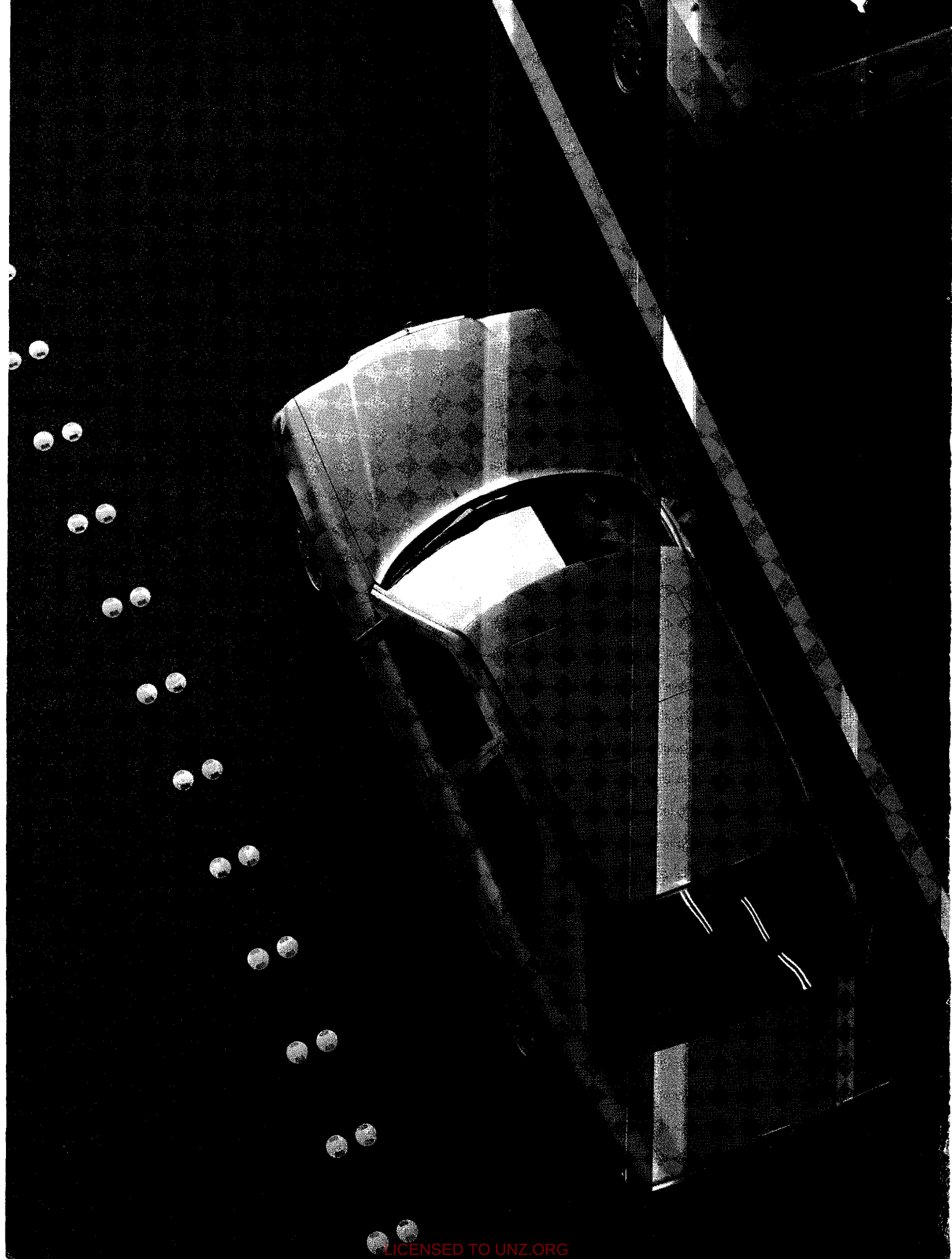
*The Young Pol's Guide To the Brave New World

BY DAVID BROOKS

Brian Crozier Asks, Is There Life after Tower?
Terrell E. Arnold Tells Why Iranamok
David Evanier Re-Inters Lillian Hellman



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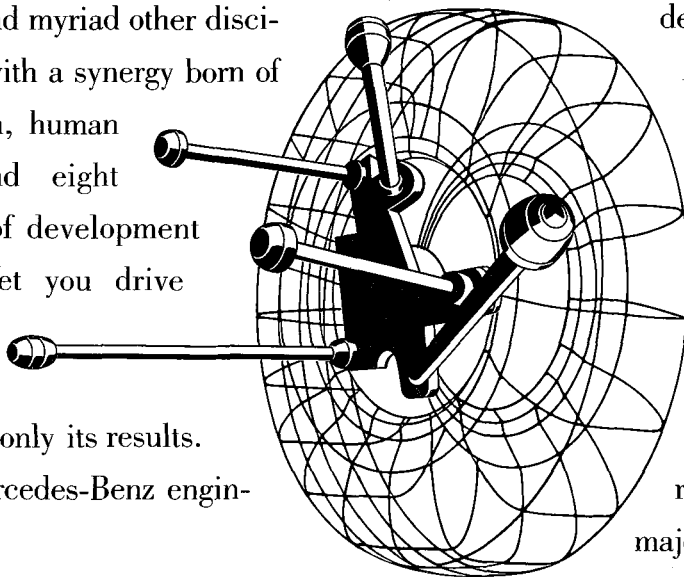
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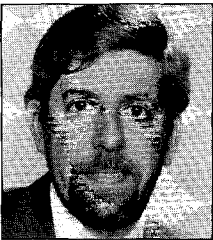


BROOKS

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Throughout Washington, the young credentialed tremble: Any evidence of intellectual courage, any witty sally, any stray sardonic memo could destroy their political careers. What is the confirmation process doing to our best and brightest? *David Brooks*



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By adopting a no-fault approach to sin, churches make themselves ideological cheerleaders and politicians' sidekicks. *Richard John Neuhaus*

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- 46 William Wright's *Lillian Hellman* is a fine and honest portrayal of a self-righteous liar, says **David Evanier**. . . . In *Of Prisons and Ideas*, Milovan Djilas, the original Communist dissident, argues that any idea men will die for deserves our respect. **Joseph Sobran** is intrigued. . . . **Christopher Buckley** finds a moral in Renata Adler's *Reckless Disregard*: Being a journalist means never having to say you're sorry. . . . In *Theodore Dreiser: At the Gates of the City, 1871-1907*, Richard Lingeman explodes the Dreiser-as-victim myth. Muffled cheers from **James W. Tuttleton**. . . . **Jeffrey Meyers** says *The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad, Volume Two*, edited by Frederick Karl and Laurence Davies, reveals Conrad's melancholy genius. . . . How come Hollywood movies don't have to make sense? **John Simon** wonders. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** compares Stravinsky to Frank Zappa. . . . **Nika Hazelton** finds a few cookbooks that will delight both mind and palate.

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SIMON



VON DREELE



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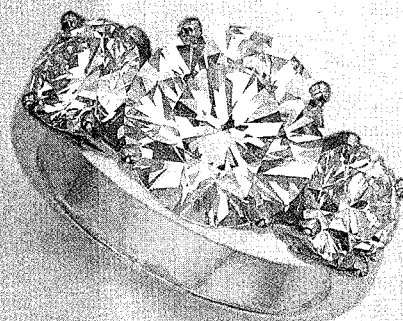
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LETTERS

Life's a Beach

Both Joseph Sobran and WFB have invoked the fame of Bill Cosby as proof that racism doesn't exist in America ["The Use and Abuse of Race," March 27; "On the Right," Jan. 30]. Now, from my point of view, the enormous success of, say, Cosby's book on fatherhood (still number two on the nonfiction charts) says less about America's lack of racism than about the lack of any content to its culture. And the embarrassing emptiness and mediocrity of our popular culture is exactly the point here—it's why *NR* is right to say that blaming everything on racism doesn't solve the problem but evades it.

In fact, Howard Beach was an issue not of race or of class, but of quality of life. Why did bored whites beat up some blacks and, later that same evening, a white? For the same reason that black hoods were wandering around out by JFK with toy guns and beepers: They had nothing better to do.

I submit that there's a serious emptiness at the center of our lives. We've all heard the expression, "Life's a bitch, then you die." It's on a lot of upper-class coffee cups and serves as an entire pocket philosophy for some folk, usually the lower-middle-class type who lives in a place like Howard Beach, calls his dog "Blackie," and figures the only way out is through winning the Lotto. This attitude is also reflected in blacks who think the only way to win is through screwing the system (crime) or soaking it (welfare). Such consumerist fatalism is so widespread that a popular line of swimsuits and summer wear can call itself "Life's a Beach." And people get the joke . . . Or do they?

Life's a beach, all right. A Howard Beach.

Frankie Gaustoux
Hollywood, Fla.

Haulin' Gas

Concerning "Some Dare Call Them Robber Barons," by Michael Fumento [March 13], the state of Nebraska has been active in developing ethanol as a motor fuel since about 1970. Gasohol, the 9 to 1 blend of gasoline and ethanol, is a trade name registered to the state as a result of that research. What might be of interest to you and your readers is that State Senator Loren Schmit has now

introduced a bill requiring all of the public-power districts to construct ethanol plants and manufacture ethanol; by January 1, 1990, all gasoline sold in the state would have to be 10 per cent ethanol. Schmit is confident that such legislation will be passed in the near future, if not this year. So you see, it is not just the Federal Government that is at fault in this matter.

W. E. Bumgarner
Arcadia, Neb.

Out of Faschion

I object to your correspondent Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's minimization of the evils of Fascism ["Anti-Fascism," Jan. 30]. The statement that "Italian Fascism was, after all, a purely local affair, its problems bothering nobody outside Italy," is simply untrue. Ask the Ethiopians and the Libyans. If Mussolini began an "intellectual and moral decline" in the mid Thirties, it was from no very great height. Before ascending to power, he was involved in numerous assaults, several stabbings, and one probable rape. Politically, he was a crass opportunist—a draft dodger, revolutionary socialist, ardent patriot, anti-cleric, and defender of the faith, all within about five years. Fascist gangs, known as *squadristi*, beat up thousands of citizens and killed not a few. Fascism's idiotic insistence on the glories of militarism exacerbated an already depressed economic situation.

The fact that the Fascists were not world-class thugs like the Nazis or Communists is surely no excuse for them. By any civilized standards, the *fascisti* were very bad news indeed.

John E. Mack
New London, Minn.

Gun Ho

Christopher Simser's fine item in "Capital Bulletins" ["Biting the Bullet," March 13] covers only one-fifth of the anti-gun legislation proposed in this 100th Congress. Other proposals would ban handguns, ban self-loading guns, ban guns with plastic stocks, and require a waiting period for purchase of a firearm.

Anyone suggesting that these are plots to disarm decent Americans is pooh-poohed off the platform. But with so many studies showing that gun laws have no effect on crime, what is the reason for all this activity?

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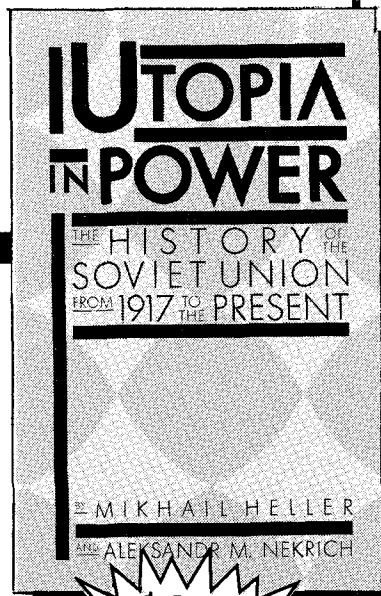
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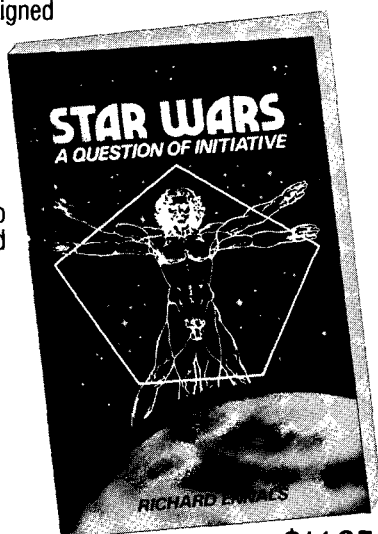
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Waiting-period laws have been abused so as to deny people their constitutional right to own a firearm. Although this is the most reasonable of the five proposals, any such law must provide for issuance of the permit within the prescribed period unless the applicant has a criminal record or has been committed to a mental hospital. And for handguns only, please! No duck hunter wants to miss a week of the season because man's best friend knocked his shotgun into the lake.

*Urban Floor
Stoughton, Wis.*

All Too Truism

The RNC would be making a big mistake to try to compete in the compassion race ["Detroit Powerhouse," by John McLaughlin, Feb. 27]. It needs to stick with responsibility—the field is wide open there. It should be pointed out to the public that there is nothing honorable in gaining a reputation for compassion that is based on stealing from the pockets of our children.

*Mrs. C. Carey
Houston, Tex.*

Gunfight at Rochester Corral

Mr. Richard Brookhiser, in "My New York, My New York" [Feb. 13], refers to his home town, Rochester, New York, as being "the easternmost fringe of the Midwest." The Midwest? Is he simply confused or, if not, where is the edge? Would Omaha be called the "outrance"?

It's quite a kick to hear people comment that they're from the Midwest—"Just moved down from Ohio"! Why do y'all so wish to identify with the West and Midwest? Obviously, a stigma attaches to being a Yankee.

I happen to be from Oklahoma and about two hundred miles from the exact geographic center of the contiguous 48. People from New York are not Midwesterners.

*Fred D. Entriken
Dallas, Tex.*

Beauty of the Beast

On the question of what New York City has going for it, I have some unbiased testimonials to add. When I've taken ski classes in Italy, and conversation turns to where everyone is from, invariably the response among those who have visited our country is, "Ah, bella New York—bellissima New York!"—not "exciting," or "impressive," but *beautiful*. That has always pleased me—especially coming from people who live in places like Rome and Florence and Bologna.

*Linda Bridges
New York, N.Y.*

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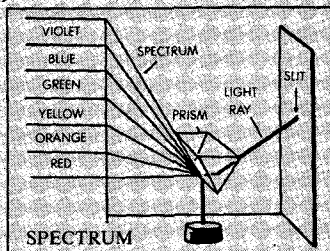
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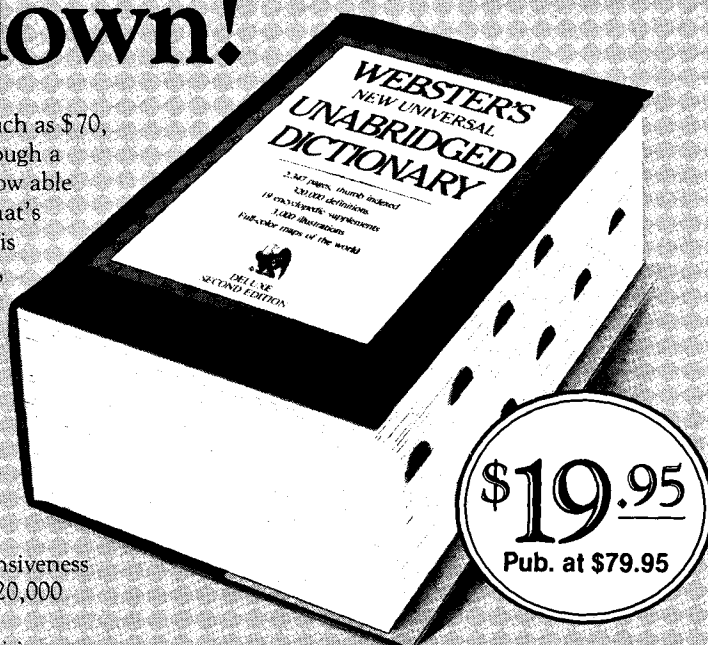


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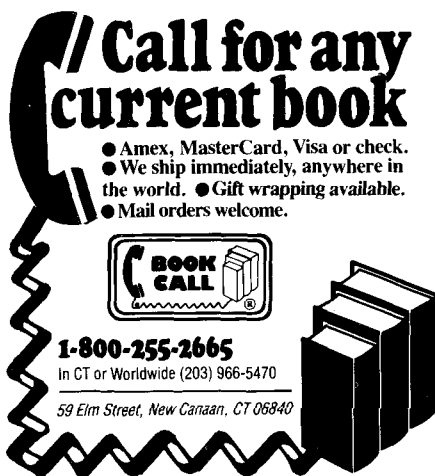
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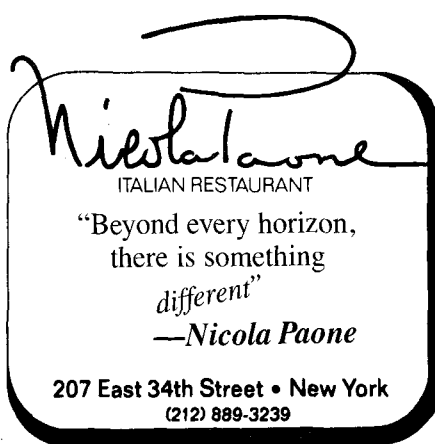


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Hobbled by Hobbes

It is strange how two people can look at the same situation and see different things. I am referring to the Thomas Sowell book *A Conflict of Visions: Ideological Origins of Political Struggles*, reviewed by Joseph Sobran [Feb. 13].

Apparently Mr. Sowell sees liberals as people who have unconstrained or "high hopes" for human nature; conservatives as those who have a constrained or "limited in . . . capacity for improvement" view of human nature.

My view is just the opposite. I feel that liberals underestimate the abilities of people to manage their own affairs "correctly." Their solution, therefore, is to concentrate power among a select, moral few, either directly or through numerous laws precisely describing acceptable behavior.

Rowland R. Hill
Norristown, Pa.

What Neckxt?

I'm beginning to wonder if anyone in this country knows the proper approach to the South African political problem ["Tango with Tambo," "The Week," Feb. 27].

When Secretary of State Shultz made an attempt to talk to Oliver Tambo, the unelected exiled leader of the African

National Congress, to try and convince him to renounce violence, there were various reactions. The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* applauded the Administration for extending "constructive engagement." NATIONAL REVIEW compared Secretary Shultz to Neville Chamberlain.

I watched Tambo speak and dodge questions at a National Press Club luncheon. He refused to answer whether he was a Communist or whether he condoned the use of the burning necklace to intimidate his organization's opponents. Neither would he say why his organization wouldn't enter into discussion with Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the elected chief of the six million law-abiding Zulus.

If, in this country, we had a political group using the necklace to physically remove and intimidate opposition, would we have a divided opinion? I do not think so.

What is so different about the situation in South Africa?

Charles Shoudy
Monroe, La.

Back of the Busing

There was a factual error in "Dr. King" ["The Week," Feb. 13]. To my knowledge, Martin Luther King had nothing to do with buses in Birmingham, cleverly alliterative though the phrase may be. The 1955 bus boycott took place a hundred miles south, in Montgomery.

Many things have been and surely will continue to be said about Dr. King's moral character and patriotism. Perhaps some of them are true. But to dwell on them misses the point. Dr. King's efforts elevated black men and women in their own estimation and hastened the day when they would be accepted as equal citizens of our choice nation by all others. Let us not begrudge Dr. King and other champions of human dignity the recognition they get.

Frank Riggs Jr.
Montgomery, Ala.

Baked or Mashed?

Let us be fair now! The Episcopal Church does not contemplate the recognition and blessing of "committed non-marital sexual relationships" ["The Week," March 13]. This is the contemplation of Bishop Spong, and maybe his diocese. I think it is correct to assume that if this matter is made a hot potato, all other Episcopalians will throw it right back at the bishop and his followers, and insist that they keep it long enough to burn their fingers.

Peter V. Jensen
Atlanta, Ga.

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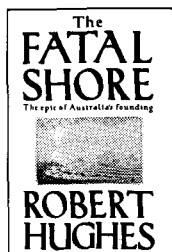
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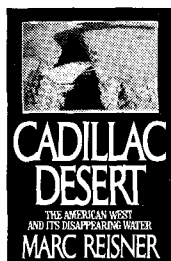
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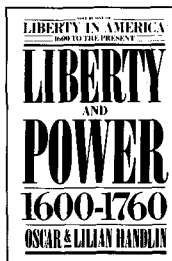
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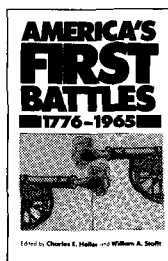
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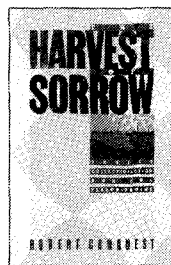
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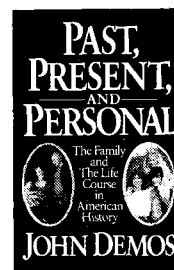
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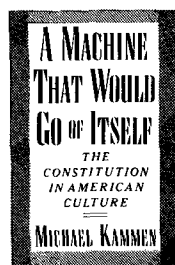
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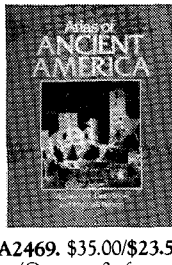
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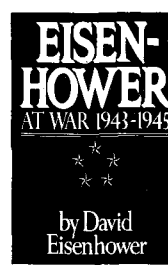
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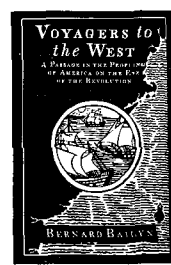
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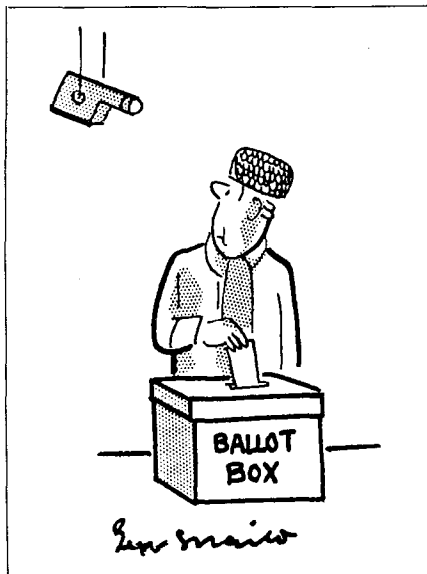
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FOR THE RECORD

It says it all: Final paragraphs in **Steven Roberts's** *New York Times* analysis of **Howard Baker** as chief of staff: "Perhaps the biggest question about the **Reagan-Baker** relationship is whether the chief of staff will eventually be able to persuade the President to take a more flexible approach . . ." And "'The real question,' said an aide to Senate Democratic leaders, 'is whether Baker can get the President to compromise.'" . . . That's exactly why **Richard Viguerie** and other New Righters are so leery of Baker appointment. Viguerie told **Kevin Phillips**: "In the two days after the appointment I talked to over fifty conservative leaders and activists, and I didn't find one who wasn't upset, downhearted, and dejected." In Viguerie's view, says Phillips, the selection of Baker is "the equivalent of 'running up the white flag.'" . . . On the other hand, post-appointment, post-speech polls showed four- to nine-point gains in Reagan's approval rating. . . . Washington conservatives were also dismayed last week that Nebraska Gov. **Kay Orr** appointed an unknown businessman, **David Karnes**, to the late **Ed Zorinsky's** Senate seat. Nothing much is known about Karnes's political beliefs. . . . But there's general jubilation over report that conservative black political economist **Glenn C. Loury** will replace **Gary L. Bauer**—now White House domestic-policy advisor—as Under Secretary of Education. Loury, a Harvard professor, has been at odds with traditional black leadership (**Benjamin Hooks**, **Coretta King**, etc.) over preferential treatment for blacks. He's against it. . . . Columnist **Jack Anderson** didn't like the answer: He asked his readers whether the media had been biased in their handling of Irangate, and 36,000 letters and phone calls later he got the message: By a margin of 3 to 1, the media were tagged as unfair to the Administration. . . . Former White House Communications Director **Patrick Buchanan** may



Shatto, London Daily Telegraph / Rothco

be surprised to hear why he left that job. According to columnist **George Fishman** of Communist *People's Daily World*, "the **Joseph Goebbels** of the Reagan Administration" left "because he can be more effective for the pro-fascist cause outside the White House."

According to **Evans & Novak**, all seven GOP hopefuls blew it when they made joint appearance in New Hampshire a week ago. E&N say Bush put on the worst show; **Dole** was a disappointment: too many jokes, not enough beef; **Kemp** showed up best but failed to ignite the crowd. . . . **Kemp** and Congressman **Jim Courter** (R., N.J.) are leading the fight to get **George Shultz** out of State. Courter suggests **Jeane Kirkpatrick** would be good replacement. . . . Conservatives took a beating in Dole campaign organization when American Conservative Union Director **David Keene** was eased out in fight with exploratory-committee chairman **Robert Ellsworth**. Still in Dole camp, however, former (very effective) head of Office of Personnel Management **Donald J. Devine**. . . . How about **Jesse Helms** for President? National Congressional Club has sent

out thousands of letters to Helms backers nationwide asking them to contribute to an exploratory Helms presidential effort.

Glasnost: The question is, Is **Mikhail Gorbachev's** opening to openness for real? Some of the men who should know best, Soviet dissidents in and out of Russia, say watch out: In *Le Figaro*, a group of prominent exiles—among them, **Orlov**, **Zinoviev**, **Maksimov**, **Bukovsky**—feel *glasnost* would be "better served" by free access to photocopying machines and some Soviet publishing houses independent of the Party. . . . **Aleksandr Nekrich**, now teaching at Harvard, says there's a "big, big difference between words and deeds" and points out that only seventy of 140 political prisoners Gorbachev said he was freeing are, in fact, free. . . . **Anatoly Koryagin**, released from prison in February and still in Russia, says the system cannot change "until it rejects the dominating ideology of Marxism-Leninism. It will remain a dictatorship until there is some sort of counterbalance to the Communist Party." . . . In fascinating interview in March/April *Public Opinion*, Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty Soviet experts make these points. On **Sakharov's** release: "When you stop doing something you shouldn't have done in the first place you get tremendous kudos in the West." What's it all about? "*Glasnost* is mainly an instrument in the hands of a group of new Soviet leaders to get rid of a group of old Soviet leaders." How far will it go? "The limits of *glasnost* are now well defined. They must stop short of eroding the fundamentals of the Communist system." Has it made life in the Soviet Union more bearable? Yes. "[Though] *glasnost* is a different animal from the freedoms that are considered intrinsic and pertinent in the West, may God, in whom they don't believe, keep them on the same road."

Once a Lincoln Brigader, always a Lincoln Brigader. At recent fundraising event to buy an ambulance for the Sandinistas, Lincoln Brigade commander **Milt Wolfe** commented: "We're pretty good at recognizing fascism." Alas, the same can't be said for Milt's ability to recognize Communism.

Toward a more competitive America—III

Let's look at Japan

There's no doubt that since World War II Japan has become an eminently successful trading nation. Last year alone, Japan's trade surplus with America was \$58.8 billion, in spite of growing competition from South Korea and other Pacific Rim nations.

Why do the Japanese trade so successfully? The key to the riddle is Japan's high rate of savings—and the investment in plant, equipment, research and people these savings make possible. Because the Japanese people save so much, their productivity has grown at a much faster rate than America's, helping them remain competitive in every market—including the huge market America represents.

There are many reasons for the Japanese penchant to save and invest. As residents of small, crowded islands, with few natural resources, they literally have to trade to live. Accordingly, Japan's leaders have long encouraged thrift—and the productivity it brings. In addition, individual Japanese are virtually forced to save for their old age, because their Social Security and private pension systems aren't as extensive as ours.

But even with thrift seemingly ingrained in the Japanese character, their income tax code—based on the post-war recommendations of an American panel, the Shoup Mission—served to institutionalize the saving habit. Under the Japanese tax code, rates on salaried workers and corporations alike were higher than in the U.S. But dividends were taxed less heavily and interest on many individual savings accounts wasn't taxed at all. In Japan, moreover, those tax-free accounts were much more widely used than the American IRAs, and were available much earlier.

Still, the Japanese weren't satisfied with their tax system, and they are now in the process of crafting a new one. The impetus for tax reform in Japan grew out of a need to attack some basic inequities. Rates on individuals and corporations were considered so high as to be inequitable and repressive—and the inequity was compounded by the Japanese collection system. In Japan, the taxes of salaried employees are calculated by their companies and deducted from their pay. Farmers and the self-employed calculate their own taxes, and there are no tax-

payer-identification digits comparable to our Social Security numbers. As a result, the Japanese have come to call their tax system "kuroyon" or "nine-six-four," meaning that salaried employees are regarded as paying 90 percent of what they should, business owners 60 percent, and farmers 40 percent.

So the goal of Japan's tax writers has been to broaden the tax base, cut rates for business and individuals alike, and, as in America, come up with a package that would be revenue neutral—raise neither more nor less money than the old system.

Along with its lower rates, the new Japanese tax law will curb the system of tax-free savings, although it will remain in place for the elderly and single-parent households. And to insure the law will be revenue neutral in the face of lower rates, Japan is imposing a five-percent value-added tax, which is a tax levied as goods are sold—a consumption tax. The Japanese, in other words, are reducing the incentives to save by eliminating interest-free accounts, but restoring them by imposing a tax on spending.

The consumption tax should bring Japan additional benefits. It *will* collect revenue from sources that may now escape taxation through "kuroyon." And it *won't* hurt Japan's ability to compete in world markets. Such taxes aren't levied on products made for export—a perfectly acceptable procedure under international trade rules. And they will be levied against the goods Japan imports for its domestic market.

Not even the Japanese can know for sure how successful their new tax code will be. Savings are being discouraged and spurred simultaneously, and only time will tell how the people will react to a carrot and a stick being offered up in tandem.

But despite the uncertainties, America ought to be watching closely to see what it can learn from Japan. In our own tax reform process, we paid far less attention to incentives for savings and investment, and we added to the burden U.S. industry has to carry. The implications are extremely important, not only for U.S.-Japan trade relations, but for U.S. competitiveness with every nation.

Next: Did we shoot ourselves in the foot?

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THE WEEK

□ The government of Canada has ten thousand bottles of booze, which it confiscated from people who bought it in Maine, where it's cheaper thanks to the laws of the government of Canada, and it can't pour the stuff down the drain any more, because that would violate the pollution laws of the government of Canada, and it is getting desperate to know what to do with the stuff, even while it goes on confiscating more of it, because buying it cheaper is contrary to the laws of the government of Canada, and you'd think they could at least consider some fruitful suggestions by the citizenry, such as having a bash for "sixty thousand close friends," but, then, finding sixty thousand friends of the government of Canada may not be all that easy, even with free booze.

□ Last week, George Bush, Jack Kemp, Bob Dole, Alexander Haig, Pete du Pont, Pat Robertson, and Donald Rumsfeld appeared in Nashua, New Hampshire, at a big Republican get-together. Bush gave the principal speech, a good defense of covert action along with an insistence that it be professionally managed. The other candidates took up their characteristic themes and had good things to say. But one day earlier, Secretary of Education William Bennett had given a major speech in Manchester, New Hampshire, plus a lengthy interview in the statewide newspaper. If you think the timing was coincidental, we don't. Bennett, a solid conservative, is becoming available.

□ A fortnight after Reagan's Big Speech, the consensus is that it was a successful exercise in finger-in-

the-dikemanship. Reagan's popularity has sunk, probably permanently, from the stratospheric levels of a year and a half ago, but the speech has foreclosed further erosion. These, however, are not the terms on which Ronald Reagan sought election and re-election; not the terms on which the country elected and re-elected him. Though it must forever be a scandal to liberals who attribute his political success to personal charm, media magic, or sunspots, Ronald Reagan reached the White House with a commitment to radical action. Much has been done, particularly in the area of tax reform. But much remains to do. If the Reagan Administration leaves Washington with SDI crippled, with the Contras on the ropes, with its judicial appointments turned suddenly to mush—it will have failed in the home stretch. Howard Baker must know this (see p. 61). Congress must be made to know it. We trust Ronald Reagan does know it.

□ If only the President could make his case as persuasively to the U.S. Congress and the nation as the Sandinistas have made their case to their Central American neighbors. A new Gallup poll in Costa Rica (CR), Honduras (H), El Salvador (S), and Guatemala (G) comes up with these results. 1) *How justly does the government of Nicaragua treat its people?* a) Very justly/somewhat justly: CR 8 per cent, H 19 per cent, S 19 per cent, G 24 per cent. b) With little justice: CR 29, H 31, S 39, G 40. c) Not justly at all: CR 56, H 40, S 23, G 27. 2) *Do the majority of Nicaraguans support the Sandinistas or the Contras?* The Sandinistas got between 12 (CR) and 23 (G) per cent of the vote; the Contras between 46 (S) and 75 (H). 3) *Can Central Americans depend on help from Uncle Sam in the event of future military attack?* Yes, said 84 to 91 per cent of those questioned. 4) *Should Nicaragua's neighbors support the Contra effort?* A yes vote ranging from 54 (G) to 74 (H). Do you suppose Central Americans are so dumb that they haven't learned the lesson of Vietnam, which seems to be that when a Communist predator casts his eyes upon you, the decent thing to do is roll over and play dead?

□ The Czech government of Gustav Husak—installed by a half-million Soviet troops in 1968—has reacted to *glasnost* by placing five members of the Jazz Sec-

Agony at the Networks

In the Rustbelt they've been watching
With what must be called disdain
While the farmers have been saying
Things unprintable, though plain.
In the oil patch, where the jobless
Kick the rigs in bleak despair,
They've been raising middle fingers
As Dan Rather tears his hair.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

ADMIRAL John Poindexter's replacement as head of the National Security Council, Frank Carlucci, has begun to reshape the NSC (earning measured praise in the process) by, among other things, bringing knowledgeable veterans into two key positions. Carlucci filled the job of Deputy Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs with Lieutenant General Colin Powell, who served at Defense as Cap Weinberger's point man for Hill lobbying. For the position of Deputy Executive Secretary, Carlucci picked Marybel Batjer, a Laxalt protégée, also close to Weinberger. Miss Batjer will play a key role in advance preparation for presidential visits overseas.

Carlucci has directed his key aides to "ask questions, to challenge things that don't look proper," says a key NSC official. "We do not encourage timidity here." Carlucci has also eliminated the military/political office used as a command and control center by Oliver North.

"Carlucci's new team could wrap the old NSC staff around its finger in ten minutes," observes an inveterate NSC watcher, "and Carlucci can use the help." The new NSC head is going to be facing not only Soviet internal reform and a resumption of nuclear testing, upheaval in the Contra ranks and the Brazilian debt situation, but also the calmer waters of Afghanistan, Iran, Israel, and South Africa.



House Speaker Jim Wright (D., Tex.) dropped his second tax bombshell this

month when he unexpectedly proposed in a Washington address that a 0.5 per cent tax on securities transactions would be an easy source of revenue. (So off-the-cuff was this suggestion that for four hours following the speech his press secretary was ignorant of it, as revealed by our phone calls to her.) Earlier this year, Wright had popped off another proposal to cope with the deficit—that the 38.5 per cent top individual tax rate be frozen, rather than dropping to 28 per cent on January 1, 1988, as the law says.

Both of Wright's suggestions are unrealistic enough to inspire pundits to look behind them for the real intent. As a Texan, Wright desperately wants an oil-import fee to ease the economic strain on his constituents. The Administration is currently dead set against such a fee, and Congress would be slow to enact a bill that would benefit only one region. But if Wright continues to throw out unpalatable red herrings, an oil-import fee may look less unswallowable by comparison.



Massive campaign debts left from 1984 presidential runs have drawn early attention to the fundraising abilities of Democrats heading toward 1988. Already charging up his 1988 campaign debt, Gary Hart still owes about \$1.6 million from 1984. "The sad news here," a loyal Hart supporter begrudgingly admits, "is that some of the people he owes from 1984 have gone out of business. There's a little Ma & Pa place in Iowa that went bankrupt. They couldn't handle the debt." If Hart does well in the Iowa and New Hampshire primaries, of course, funds will gush in for the remainder of the race, and his money worries will be over.

Bruce Babbitt raised an impressive million dollars at one fundraising dinner in Arizona, but observers suspect the rest may come more slowly. Dick Gephardt has hired some experienced fundraisers, notably Terry McAuliffe, who worked in Bob Graham's successful Florida Senate race, and the Missouri representative is doing quite well. Michael Dukakis, the latest entrant into the race, may be in for hard times financially. Even a supporter admits it's hard to see money sources outside of Boston for the Massachusetts governor. Finally, Dale Bumpers, dipping his toes into the presidential pool at press time, has a track record of funding problems. "He barely made it through the Arkansas Senate race," says a Democratic Party aide. "It's going to take a lot more to make it to the Presidency."



Money or no money, the latest word from Iowa on the February 1988 caucuses is, "Keep an eye on Bumpers." Bumpers, a liberal dreamboat, hit the state last month to chat up all the "right people" in the Democratic Party. When he returned to Washington, he left behind some very impressed party bigshots and a promise to return soon. Although Washingtonians see Georgia Senator Sam Nunn and Virginia ex-Governor Chuck Robb as the true heirs to the Democratic South, the Iowans were taken by Bumpers's "nice, Southern-gentleman humor. . . . If we're going to have a Southern candidate here," observes an Iowa pol, "it's going to be Dale Bumpers." Problem: With an ADA career rating of 68, it will be tough—though not impossible—for the Iowa support to carry Bumpers through the Southern primaries. —CATO

tion, a Prague club dedicated to popular music and literature, on trial. Old habits die hard . . . The brief trial was not without irony: When the chairman of the club, Karol Srp, asked an official from the Ministry of Culture why his letters to the ministry were never answered, he was told, "We could not answer letters from an organization that does not exist." The judge then handed down lighter-than-normal sentences, because he felt the Jazz Section's publications were of "high quality." For membership in a non-existent group producing quality work, Srp got 16 months.

□ Charles Haughey, of the Fianna Fáil party, has

been chosen prime minister of Ireland, defeating Garret FitzGerald, of Fine Gael, whom he has now beaten three times, and who in turn has beaten Haughey twice. Both favor statist solutions—including confiscatory tax rates—to Ireland's 19 per cent unemployment rate, the only difference being that Mr. FitzGerald proposed to keep the money and Mr. Haughey proposed to spend it on his constituents. There was, however, a bright spot. Neither major party won a majority, and the Progressive Democrats, a new party favoring free-market solutions and tax cuts, picked up enough seats its first time out to make it an important player. The old joke has it that a visitor to Ireland,

after hearing a long discourse on the troubles between Catholics and Protestants, asked his host, "Aren't there any atheists in Ireland?" "Oh yes," replied his host. "We have Catholic atheists and Protestant atheists." For all too long Irish politics has offered nothing but left-wing socialists and right-wing socialists. That may be changing.

□ When Labour lost the recent by-election to the Social Democratic/Liberal Alliance in Greenwich, a normally Labour district, everyone including Labour leader Neil Kinnock knew what that meant: Kinnock will not be the next prime minister. Last year Labour rose in the polls largely because of unemployment, with the result that people began to attend to what Labour was saying: Unilateral nuclear disarmament. Wrecking NATO. U.S. bases out. Finlandization. No way, chaps. Mrs. Thatcher has sprung out to a six-point lead in the polls, and is widening the gap. The election could come in June, and it could spell the end of the Labour Party as a serious force. If Labour ends up a hundred seats behind, the Alliance could become the loyal opposition.

□ Of all the freedom-fighters, the Afghan Mujahedin are probably most popular with liberal Democrats. But the main patron of the Afghan resistance, Pakistan, is high on the liberal hit list. Alan Cranston and John Glenn have introduced bills calling for a 50 to 100 per cent cut, respectively, in American military aid to Pakistan—their reason being that Pakistan is on the point of exploding a nuclear bomb. Now for Pakistan to have a bomb is not nice. But it is no nastier than for neighbor and enemy India to have one. The Administration, putting first things (i.e., freedom-fighters) first, wants aid to continue. But if Congress decides, "Away with bombs," the Russians will counter with, "Bombs away!"

□ Stanley Kunitz has been named New York's official State Poet, an honor he admits troubled him at first. "The poet is not in the service of the state," he says. "On the contrary. He defends the solitary conscience as opposed to the great power structure of the super-state. There is, I believe, an adversarial relationship between the contemporary poet and the state." So don't expect anything along the lines of "To Mr. Cuomo, upon His Anniversary." Maybe, instead, "The Welfare State: A Satire"?

□ Graham Greene will no doubt go directly to Heaven when he dies, having served his time in the Purgatory he experiences in the free Western world. He has supported the Sandinistas, the Communist guerrillas in El Salvador, the Vietcong, Torrijos, Castro, and, well, you name it. In February, Greene made a notable speech in Moscow in which, with Gorbachev in the audience, he proclaimed that Ca-

tholicism and Communism are now allied in Latin America. He noted that Karl Marx criticized Henry VIII for destroying the monasteries. "The dream I have," Greene said, "is that cooperation between Catholics and Communists will spread and prolong itself in Europe, West and East." It did not occur to him to point out that Communism in Western Europe appears to be in inexorable decline. Greene is a major twentieth-century writer. In real life, he is a puritanical, self-lacerating Jansenist kook. As D. H. Lawrence said, believe the tale, not the teller.

□ The state of Indiana is moving boldly to impose inheritance taxes on pets.

□ Unitarian Universalists are handing out condoms. Episcopalians are engaged in sanctifying all known or imaginable sexual couplings, so long as they do not involve marriage. Methodists are rewriting their hymnal with "Strong Mother God" and such. The church sasters, festers, mathers, frothers, and fruitcakes will be forgiven, while the faithful watch and pray, watch and pray.

ABM, SDI, SOS

DOES THE ABM Treaty forbid the development of SDI, or doesn't it? For two years, the Administration has been claiming that a broad interpretation of the treaty permits development. Senator Sam Nunn has now strenuously objected, calling the arguments of Abraham Sofaer, the Administration's point man on the issue, a "complete and total misrepresentation."

The details of the question may seem arcane, but the politics is crystal clear. Over the years Nunn has cultivated a reputation for representing the right wing of the Democratic Party on defense issues (he was notable, for instance, for opposing SALT II). But Nunn is also on-again off-again *presidentabile*, and as such must know, if he is realistic, that no one so positioned has a chance of winning a Democratic nomination. Senator Hollings, whom cognoscenti credit with having been the real brains behind the anti-SALT II forces, fudged and fudged all through *his* presidential effort last time around, and still came in behind George McGovern. So a little anti-SDI showmanship was in order.

For that is what the ABM debate amounts to. If America abides by the strict interpretation of the treaty, the program will continue—but at a level insufficient to meet the challenge of Soviet progress. The policy of Senate Democrats on this question is: We don't mind SDI, so long as it's ineffective.

But the Democrats don't deserve all the blame, not by a long chalk. Former Senator Fulbright, testifying in favor of the strict interpretation, put the debate

neatly in context. "The Administration has the right under the ABM Treaty to propose amendments or to withdraw from the treaty. It does not have the right to perform radical surgery."

To withdraw from the treaty. Fulbright referred to the right, retained by the signatories, to release themselves from the treaty's obligations, provided they give six months' notice.

The Administration, in other words, could have been free of the ABM burden six months after President Reagan's SDI speech in 1983. It could be free six months from now. The political costs, of course, have become much greater.

The option must be considered, however. The ABM Treaty was a keystone of the MAD strategic doctrine—the very doctrine that SDI makes obsolete. The old treaty and the new defense system are in intellectual opposition. As opportunistic politicians like Nunn jump ship, they are in operational opposition as well. SDI is in jeopardy now because the treaty was retained. At some point in the unfolding debate, the treaty will have to be junked—for intellectual consistency, and for military necessity.

Fearless Forecast

SPECULATION AS TO who's the front-runner for either major party's 1988 presidential nomination is, at this point, a little like guessing which of thirty kindergartners has the best shot at Harvard Law School.

Apart from Pat Robertson, the GOP offers a collection of four-letter words: Bush, Dole, Kemp, Haig, and Pont (Pierre du).

The Democrats lost a four-letter man when Nunn withdrew shortly after Mario Cuomo, leaving Hart and Robb. Others still on the board include Jackson, Gephardt, Biden, Bumpers, Babbitt, and Dukakis.

Governor Dukakis is regarded in Massachusetts, the

New York Times reports, "as something of a centrist," or—making geocultural allowances—as what the rest of the country would call a Maoist. "The time has come to stop labeling people," Dukakis says. Yep.

Without labeling, it is possible to predict the general lineaments of the Democratic nominee. He will be a devout family man, proud of his ethnic roots, opposed to abortion but also dedicated to pluralism, and therefore reluctant to impose his personal views on others. But he will also believe that the country is in need of moral leadership, and that it's time the government started leveling with the American people. He will note with alarm our growing trade deficit, and will stand for both a strong defense and the need to distance ourselves from morally shady allies, meaning South Africa (he will favor sanctions) and the Contras (he will oppose further aid to them). He will make it clear that he would have opposed the secret sale of arms to Iran if only he'd known about it in time. He will favor meaningful dialogue about arms reduction with the Soviet Union. And even if he is not Dukakis, he will agree that the old political labels have lost their meaning. He will note that his own background and experience have given him excellent preparation for the world's most responsible position . . . Beyond that, our crystal ball is cloudy.

Spy Time

THE CONVICTION of Jonathan Pollard for massive spying for a foreign nation returns us, finally, to the possibility of seriousness as regards espionage.

That seriousness has been lacking for a very long time—since World War II at least. Prior to that, the world situation was very different—an era when it may have been naïve but was not anachronistic for a statesman to decline to read "other people's mail."

We still hear that "during the McCarthy period" zealots were looking for "Communists under the bed." In the present academy, there has arisen a whole new generation of scholars, come of age in the 1960s, that regards the Popular Front period of liberal-Communist cooperation as a kind of golden age.

Now there is also emerging a literature that reveals an important subculture of Soviet agents who have not made it into the general political consciousness. Everyone knows about Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Alger Hiss, and others, and everyone admits that they were not "witches"—that is, fictions.

But astonishing history is coming out all the time. Last year a British historian, Chapman Pincher, published an enormous work of research strongly indicating that the late Sir Roger Hollis, the head of MI-5, was a Soviet agent, who used his post to protect Soviet agents scattered on missions throughout Britain and warned the spy Donald Maclean that he was about to be apprehended. Whereupon Maclean fled to



"It's not fair. I can't zap anybody these days without being accused of political bias."

SDI Watch

SUPPORTERS AND opponents of SDI have issued contradictory statements on the cost of deploying a missile defense. According to General Daniel Graham's High Frontier organization, the cost is no more than \$30 billion. Lieutenant Colonel Simon P. Worden, formerly with SDI, says (*NR*, Dec. 31, 1986) that the cost is probably less than \$100 billion. Senator Proxmire says the cost will be "about \$1 trillion," citing two former secretaries of defense—James Schlesinger and Harold Brown—among his authorities.

Thirty billion, a hundred billion, or one trillion? The spread is 3,000 per cent. Which number is right? The answer makes a great deal of difference to the debate over SDI deployment.

A trillion-dollar cost for SDI deployment would daunt even the staunchest SDI supporters. It would make a fully deployed SDI the largest single defense program ever undertaken. With trillion-dollar cost projections for SDI, defense planners would want to look at other options for deterring a Soviet nuclear attack, such as building more Trident submarines.

Cost projections for defense programs often differ, but a 3,000 per cent spread is unusual. How did the experts arrive at their wildly differing conclusions?

The High Frontier group and Lieutenant Colonel Worden did their analyses by laying out the pieces of the defense and adding up the separate costs—the cost of the space-based "smart bullets," the cost of the satellites that form the "eye" of the defense, and so on. The Air Force has a great deal of experience with this kind of fancy electronics and rocketry, and the prices for building it and getting it into space are pretty well known. The High Frontier and Worden estimates should be reasonable ball-park figures.

Maybe the problem is with the trillion-dollar estimate given by the ex-secretaries of defense. How did Doctors Schlesinger and Brown arrive at their figure?

The Washington-based Center for Peace and Freedom tried to reach Dr. Schlesinger to find out how he had done his calculations. The center reports that

Schlesinger "was repeatedly contacted and has not answered either phone calls or letters asking for details."

The center then turned to Dr. Brown. He was more forthcoming. Dr. Brown explained that he had used a "rule of thumb" employed by defense program managers: Multiply R&D costs by a factor of ten to get the costs of the fully deployed system. Dr. Brown said he took R&D costs for SDI to be \$100 billion, and arrived at \$1 trillion for the full cost by the "factor of ten" rule.

The trouble with Dr. Brown's calculation is that, while his logic and arithmetic were impeccable, his starting assumption was flawed. The full R&D budget for SDI is well known; it does not total \$100 billion, as Dr. Brown assumed, but \$26 billion. But with an R&D budget of \$26 billion, the factor-of-ten rule yields \$260 billion for the cost of SDI deployment.

That would be the cost of an advanced defense, however, using lasers, particle beams, and all other research programs the SDI managers plan to support with their \$26 billion. Only half of the \$26-billion SDI budget, or about \$13 billion, is devoted to R&D on first-generation defenses, which use smart-bullet technology rather than lasers and particle beams. It was these smart-bullet defenses that High Frontier and Lieutenant Colonel Worden analyzed when they made their cost estimates. If the factor-of-ten rule is applied to the \$13 billion allotted in the SDI budget for research on smart-bullet defenses, it yields \$130 billion as the cost of SDI deployment.

Now, \$130 billion is higher than the High Frontier estimate, but fairly close to Lieutenant Colonel Worden's estimate. It is even closer to the figure of \$121 billion released by the George C. Marshall Institute at a press conference last December.

So Dr. Brown's rule-of-thumb calculation, correctly done, yields an answer in reasonable agreement with other estimates. The question remains: Where did Dr. Schlesinger get his \$1-trillion figure?

Moscow with his friend Guy Burgess. Burgess had once been an officer of MI-6.

It is as if Alger Hiss, instead of J. Edgar Hoover, had been in charge of the FBI. And as if Julius Rosenberg had been a CIA agent.

In his book *After Long Silence*, Michael Straight, scion of a wealthy family—his father had founded *The New Republic*—reveals that he had been recruited to the Communist Party while at Cambridge by Anthony Blunt. Straight soon rejected Communism and

became a New Dealer, but he did not tell anyone about Blunt, Burgess, and many others. He met Guy Burgess again during the Korean War, when Burgess had risen to high levels in diplomacy, an Asian specialist. Even though Burgess indicated that he was still a Communist and knew all about American plans in the Pacific, Straight did not report him. In his book he reflects guiltily that this failure may have cost countless American lives. Finally, Straight contacted the FBI, and Blunt—by then the Queen's art advi-

sor—was exposed, along with other Soviet agents. Straight's leftward vector had paralyzed him for years.

A book just now published, *The Red and the Blue: Cambridge, Treason, and Intelligence*, by Andrew Sinclair, is a penetrating study, fifty years later, of the Communist situation at Cambridge University in the 1930s. Under the direct orders first of Lenin and then of Stalin, the Soviets penetrated the Cavendish Laboratory, under Rutherford the site of Britain's most important atomic research. Rutherford's most brilliant and intimate protégé was a scientist named Peter Kapitza. After his defection to Moscow, Stalin built him a magnificent research laboratory.

And then we have Lester Pearson, Canadian statesman and pillar of the Canadian establishment. Strong evidence has surfaced that he protected the position of diplomat Herbert Norman against serious evidence that Norman was a Communist spy. When Norman at length knew that the investigators were drawing close, he jumped out a window in Cairo. The present Canadian government, on grounds of national security, is refusing to answer tough questions in Parliament about whether Pearson himself was a Communist.

There is a sense, unintended by Dean Acheson, in which we should never turn our backs on Alger Hiss, or any of the others. That is, we should stop being suckers about espionage, and get serious about counter-espionage.

A life sentence for Jonathan Pollard was mild.

Nondenominational Humanism?

JUDGE W. BREVARD HAND's ruling, in a federal court in Alabama, that 44 textbooks promoting secular humanism can't be used in public schools has drawn wrath and ridicule from secular humanists, who profess not to know what in heck "secular humanism" is.

It's a fascinating case. Judge Hand in effect has found a "pattern of discrimination" in the textbooks that undercuts liberal assertions that excluding religion from the curriculum constitutes "neutrality." He wrote: "The texts reviewed are not merely bad history, but lack so many facts as to equal ideological promotion. Omissions, if sufficient, do affect a person's ability to develop religious beliefs and exercise that religious freedom guaranteed by the Constitution."

He's not the only one to reach this conclusion. In a recent book titled *Censorship: Evidence of Bias in Our Children's Textbooks*, reviewed by Chilton Williamson Jr. in our January 30 issue, the psychologist Paul Vitz found a notable pattern of omission and distortion in the ninety widely used public-school

There's One in Every Crowd

When war comes, as it will one day,
And *Red October* starts to lay
Computer plots whose hits will wilt
Those titans Mr. Lehman built,
A bore from some senescent crew
Will say we're fighting World War II.

W. H. VON DREELE

texts he studied. In one set of books for younger pupils, Vitz found "not one word or image show[ing] any form of contemporary representative Protestantism" in sixty books totaling 15,000 pages.

The same liberals who deny that school prayer can be truly voluntary and nondenominational are loath to admit that texts expressing their own world view are anything but objective, impartial accounts that should be mandatory, even if they offend religious parents. The issue comes down to two questions:

1. Do textbooks make nonreligious assertions that a) are on the same plane as religious assertions and b) compete with religious assertions?

2. If so, is the negation of religion by public-school texts permissible, in a way that the affirmation of religion is not?

If the answer to both these questions is yes, it will mean that, contrary to countless liberal assurances, the liberal version of the First Amendment does not at all require "strict neutrality" as to religion, but permits anti-religious bias.

The Myth of 'McJobs'

NEARLY 13 million jobs have been created in the Reagan recovery—far more than in all of Europe and Japan combined during the same period. This is a source of enormous embarrassment for those who aspire to put a Democrat in the White House. The obvious solution was to argue that most of the new jobs are lousy, just low-paying service jobs at McDonald's and the like. Having redefined the problem, it would then be possible to devise solutions.

The Joint Economic Committee (JEC), now in Democratic hands, gave taxpayers' money to two notoriously incompetent architects of another myth ("de-industrialization") to perform reverse alchemy: The task was to turn obvious wealth into illusory poverty. Last December, this "study" by Barry Bluestone and Bennet Harrison concluded that "58 per cent of all net new employment between 1979 and 1984 paid annual wages of less than \$7,000." Jobs were much better, they claimed, from 1973 to 1979. Whenever the authors did reveal new high-paying

jobs since 1979, this was called "polarization." Apparently, any new job that pays either more or less than the average must be a terrible thing.

Reporters and politicians were joyous over the news that the millions of new jobs were so much worse than the non-jobs that existed before. This was a revelation deserving special reports on network television. Politicians loved it. Jane Seaberry of the *Washington Post* even wrote a piece called "White Men Losers in Wage Race." Wouldn't the same story have been titled "Women and Blacks Narrow the Gap" if a liberal sat in the White House?

Columnist Warren Brookes found the first crack. Using a better measure of prices to calculate "real," inflation-adjusted incomes, Brookes found that the percentage of high-income new jobs showed "a 5 per cent increase over 1973, compared with JEC's 10 per cent decrease." In late February, Robert Samuelson of *Newsweek* added that "roughly nine-tenths of the people in the low category either have part-time work or, like students, work only part of the year." (Just get the teenage unemployment rate back up, and the "proliferation of low-wage employment" would be "solved.") A simultaneous *New York Times* piece by Janet Norwood questioned "the years chosen for analysis." Since the JEC study is being used to condemn the Reagan Administration, why start with 1979 and why stop with 1984? Real compensation per hour, for example, fell from 1973 to 1980, but has risen by about 5 per cent since 1981.

A week after the JEC released the garbled Blue-stone-Harrison mythology, a quite different study was also printed: *Poverty, Income Distribution, the Family, and Public Policy* by Lowell Gallaway and Richard Vedder. This study concluded, among many other things, that "the major cause of economic inequality in the United States is variation in labor-force participation . . . Work-disincentive effects of current poverty programs are so substantial as to raise rather than lower poverty rates." For some reason, the Gallaway-Vedder study has not been nearly so widely reported as the other one.

Fear Strikes Out

JOHN GOTTI has been acquitted of racketeering and conspiracy charges.

Mr. Gotti has a certain aura about him, what one reporter described as "a commanding presence," even in the courtroom where he was a defendant: "Other defendants and even lawyers were deferential. The crowds made way." Another reporter noted that Mr. Gotti "laughed, sneered, or muttered wiseguy retorts" when the prosecutor addressed the court.

Even actuarial rates fluctuate in his vicinity. A business rival of his, Paul Castellano, expired suddenly in front of a New York restaurant in 1985. A neigh-

bor who accidentally ran over and killed Mr. Gotti's young son seven years ago vanished. Witnesses against him in earlier trials have also disappeared or suffered sudden memory lapses.

One of the jurors who voted to acquit him this time told an interviewer, on condition that her identity be concealed, that she was not intimidated by Mr. Gotti and would not have been afraid to convict him, but that the government had failed to make its case. Mr. Gotti's lawyer praised the jury's "courage," adding that "it's not easy to say no to a federal prosecutor." The anonymous juror didn't say whether she had been intimidated by the prosecutor.

Gas Lines Again?

WITH OIL PRICES about half what they were in 1981, it is only natural for *Time* magazine, among others, to revive the old story that expensive oil would really be cheaper. Cheap oil shuts down domestic production, they say, so the U.S. ends up importing more oil. OPEC then slashes production, leaving Americans waiting in line for \$2 gasoline. The solution, of course, is to place a big tariff on imported oil, making Americans pay more now so they don't end up paying more later.

This story rests on short memories. Gas-station lines had nothing to do with "shortages," and everything to do with price controls and allocating fuel to where it wasn't needed. Around 1980, many seemingly sophisticated studies of soaring world consumption and omnipotent Arabs were used to predict that oil would sell for \$60 by now. Since then, the world has made big investments in saving energy, and nobody is pulling the insulation out of his attic just because oil prices went down. Nor has anybody, except the United States, slowed down on nuclear-power programs. OPEC countries made big investments in their own petrochemical plants, which would have to lay off workers if the same cartel that couldn't keep the price of oil from falling could somehow make it rise.

The effort to bring back the "energy crisis" is based on a theory that oil prices depend on how much of the oil consumed in this country is supplied by imports. Yet the U.S. is already importing a larger percentage of its oil than in 1981, when the price was twice as high. In reality, the oil price depends on how many dollars the whole world is willing and able to offer for how many barrels of oil. Since the economies of Europe, Japan, and Latin America have been very weak, they neither need nor can afford much oil. Oil is no different in this respect from cotton, copper, lumber, or other raw materials. Commodity prices began soaring in 1972 and 1978, and falling in 1981 and 1985—long before oil prices.

Every price is a ratio of quantity to dollars, such as barrels of oil per dollar and ounces of gold per dollar.

When dollars get too cheap, the barrels and ounces become costly. A falling dollar makes oil cheap in terms of other currencies, so Japan and Europe buy more, driving the dollar price up. Oil producers become less eager to trade oil for dollars that buy less, so they cut production. For these reasons, prices of oil and gold tend to rise and fall together. But all this depends on the dollar falling because of inflation in the U.S., not deflation in Japan and Germany. The fact that gold is still selling for about the same price as it did three years ago, while many other commodity prices are actually much lower, does not portend a serious inflation of oil prices. Maybe that explains why those who stand to benefit from \$35 oil have to advocate a big tariff to make their forecasts of high oil prices come true. Now, if they could just explain how having the highest energy costs in the world is supposed to make U.S. industry competitive.

Richard Perle Did His Best

AS RICHARD PERLE, a Henry Jackson Democrat in matters of defense, leaves the government, no one should sleep easier—at least not in the free world. Perle has been the unwobbling pivot of our strategic policy. He does his detailed homework. He understands the bureaucracy and Congress. He cannot be intimidated by fashion. And he understands nuclear chess.

It is likely that he leaves the Defense Department with the grim understanding that his efforts, steadfast and informed as they have been, may only have delayed the prospect of political checkmate and global defeat. Ironically, Perle himself invented the move that is now leading to political checkmate.

During the 1970s, the Soviets flooded the strategic chessboard with intermediate-range SS-20 missiles targeted on every Western European city. The West, which had no comparable weapon, demanded a response and got one from the Carter Administration: the Pershing II and cruise missiles.

Reagan, succeeding Carter, deployed the new missiles, but he did so in the face of heavy opposition, including street violence, from the European Left. At that time, Richard Perle came up with a brilliant short-run political move, the zero-option offer: We would not deploy if the Soviets would dismantle all of their SS-20s. Counting on their leftist allies to cripple the American deployment, the Soviets answered *nyet*, and lost.

But today the Soviets are making the Perle move, proposing the zero option, themselves. The position of the pieces on the chessboard, however, differs drastically from their position in the 1970s.

The original purpose of the SS-20s was political intimidation. The Soviets were not really preparing to incinerate Paris—they were merely acquiring the

Recently Disinterred

The good news is they've dug up songs
From George and Ira's stock;
The bad news is the ballroom crowd
Goes ape for acid rock.

W. H. VON DREELE

capability of doing so. We matched this capability, and it therefore lost its political utility. The SS-20s now have zero political usefulness.

The offer to withdraw them, the old Perle zero option, is also a political move. It is the first step toward a "grand compromise" that would postpone SDI for ten years and effectively destroy it.

Perle leaves office knowing that the Reagan Administration, weakened by the Iran-Contra mess, probably lacks the leverage in Congress to push ahead with SDI as vigorously as is desirable. And that the Soviets, for their part, today invest about as much in their own SDI program as they do in offensive weapons. A first-strike capability leveled against us is conceivable, and that would amount to closing time.

Richard Perle, courageous, informed, and intelligent, would at any time be difficult to replace. Under the present circumstances he is probably impossible to replace.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Did I hear correctly [on *Firing Line*]? *De-su'e-tude* isn't used any more. Try *des-we'-tude*, you'll like it.

This from the following friends of that now knowledgeable N.Y. master who is still in shock. *Errare humanum est*.

D. MINNIE MUS
Kor G. ALI
SUE DANIM
NORMA LOQUENDI
Dan Sweeney
Spokesman
Greenbrae, Calif.

Dear Mr. Sweeney: We've almost got it right. The accent is on the first syllable. Cordially, WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Have you ever seen yourself on your TV program? You look extremely seedy. Your shirts always look wrinkled, especially the collar, and they look like you slept in them. Perhaps you should not wear button-

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down collars. Furthermore, your habit of leaning to your right makes you appear deformed. You need a more comfortable chair.

I am sure many of your viewers hold the same opinions but do not make the effort to let you know how your appearance comes across.

This criticism is offered with respect for you and hope you will not be unduly offended by it.

Cordially,
Mundy Torok
Dover, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Torok: Heavens no, I am not offended! I just hope my shirtmaker doesn't see this, or the lovely people who make that silly-putty chair that lets me lean in any old direction, right being my favorite.
Cordially, WFB

□ Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, our longtime European correspondent, will return to these shores this fall to lecture. A lecture by EKL is, by unanimous consent, a unique experience. His knowledge is encyclopedic, his views refreshingly iconoclastic (he is capable, under duress, of confessing that he is a believing Christian), his manner beguiling, his language(s) eloquent. Arrangements for lectures, beginning October 1, are made directly with him. His address is: A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

□ Dear Bill:

You've probably devoted enough space to this issue in "Notes & Asides" already, but Mr. Len Morgan [Nov. 7, 1986] was essentially correct and Messrs. Junker and Pall [Jan. 30, 1987] wrong regarding "flying at Mach 1.5 at treetop level."

If Mr. Junker, the Navy Attack Pilot, knows of anyone flying at Mach 1.5 *on the deck*, he should submit it to the appropriate record keepers, since it beats Darryl Greenamyer's 996 mph (about Mach 1.4) set in an F-104 at Mud Lake, Nevada.

And Mr. Pall may have had weapons "deliverable" at Mach 1.0-plus, but, unless they were smart, guid-

ed weapons, he wouldn't hit a bull in a barnyard, let alone in the ass.

Regarding Libya, Mach 0.85 to Mach 1.05 would have been more accurate for the F-111s and Mach 0.75 to Mach 0.90 for the Navy A-6s.

Lieutenant Colonel Bill Campenni (not Ret.)
Your new aerospace advisor
Herndon, Va.

Dear Colonel Campenni: Many thanks. That'll show them. Cordially, WFB

□ Dear Bill:

Now that the two-ring circus is back in the Capitol Building, I am reminded of Daniel Webster's lament: "Now is the time that men work quietly in the fields, and women weep softly in the kitchen; the legislature is in session and no man's property is safe."

Yours truly,
Manuel Higgins
Erie, Pa.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your experience with the stewardess who asked, "Mr. Buckley, what do you wish to be called?" ["On the Right," Dec. 5], reminded me of the stewardess on a Chicago-to-Los Angeles flight who asked me, "How are you addressed, sir?" I didn't understand, because for a moment I had forgotten that I was wearing a black poplin raincoat over a black turtle-neck, black trousers, black shoes; and, moreover, was thickly bearded, rare in those days (1960). Then it dawned on me that she had mistaken me for a clergyman, perhaps of some exotic sect. To this day, I regret that I didn't reply, "Oh, 'Your Eminence' will be fine, my child." Instead, I merely mumbled my name. What would you have done?

Ray Russell
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Mr. Russell: Why, I'd have said, "Blacky." Cordially, —WFB

Medical Research— building a healthier future

If you've ever been treated for high blood pressure... heart disease... diabetes... or almost any health problem, medical progress based on research has already touched your life.

Because of medical research, polio no longer strikes in epidemic proportions every summer. Today about three-quarters of patients diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease will survive five years or longer—as opposed to less than half twenty years ago. Current treatment options for people with heart disease and high blood pressure include medication that helps the body's natural regulators to control blood pressure and volume, enabling the heart to function with less strain.

Scientists are now working on new ways of treating such devastating afflictions as heart disease, cancer and Alzheimer's disease. They are testing new enzyme inhibitors that may control or reverse the late complications of diabetes. Forthcoming breakthroughs in understanding biological processes and treating disease may change the quality and perhaps the length of your life.

Medical research leading to such results takes years of patient, often frustrating experimentation by many different teams throughout the public and private sectors of our scientific community. The tasks involved are not simple.

Advances in research stem from a partnership that includes federal agencies such as the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), universities and teaching hospitals across America, and private industry laboratories. Each partner often works independently to acquire knowledge and test new concepts. They must build on the knowledge developed in all laboratories, and they often coordinate efforts in their search for answers.

Whether an idea originates in a university laboratory or starts with basic product research carried on in the private sector, important findings percolate through the

entire scientific community, where each new finding serves as a building block to establish a deeper understanding of what we are and how we function.

Medical research is an expensive process. It needs steady funding for equipment and personnel—even when progress is slow. Government and industry often work with university-based scientists and the medical profession not only in the acquisition of new knowledge and the development of new treatments, but also in funding these advances.

Now more than ever, we all must do our part to help keep the flow of discoveries active and ongoing. If funding for medical research is reduced, major advances in knowledge about some of the most dreaded diseases facing us today could be delayed for years to come.

What can you do?

- *Speak up.* Let your legislators know that you want funding of biomedical research by NIH and other government agencies to be kept at the highest possible levels.
- *Contribute* to voluntary health organizations supporting disease research.

Research-based pharmaceutical companies such as Pfizer are also increasing their financial investment in research. For instance, in 1984 alone, pharmaceutical companies in the United States spent over 4 *billion* dollars on research and product development.

At the same time, we at Pfizer realize the importance of committing more than money to research. As a partner in healthcare, we are continually working to discover new ideas, test new concepts, and turn new understanding to practical and beneficial uses. Now we are working harder than ever to make sure that this nation's medical research effort receives the attention—and funding—it deserves.

For more information on the future of medical research in America, write to Health Research U.S.A., P.O. Box 3852 FR, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.



PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE

WATCH BAKER

A LONG TIME ago on the political clock—October 1986—the Republicans' line-up of presidential candidates for 1988 featured a clear front-runner followed by a pack of distant seconds and also-rans. Vice President George Bush, riding high on name recognition and Reagan association, led by a wide margin. Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole was the closest of the distant seconds, with the potential to move. The rest of the contenders—Howard Baker, Jack Kemp, Pat Robertson, Paul Laxalt, and long shots like Al Haig and former Delaware governor Pete du Pont—had only fragile hopes of staging a Carteresque coup in the early primaries. Barring an unexpected turn of events, Washington pols were expecting that the interesting race would be among the Democrats. Clearly, front-runner Bush would be the Republican nominee.

On November 4, 1986, the unexpected turn of events took place. First, the Democrats regained control of the Senate, flattening George Bush into every-man-for-himself status and Bob Dole into a much less prominent Leader of the Minority. On that same day, the Iran story broke, and the repercussions have been battering Republicans ever since. The Vice President's close ties to Reagan, once his strength, almost overnight became a semi-liability; yet, as Mr. Bush correctly noted in New Hampshire, any attempt to distance himself from Reagan would be futile. How serious is Irangate for Bush? "This is Bush's biggest challenge," a Kemp aide observes. "He's put himself in the same Catch-22 situation as Don Regan by saying, on the one hand, that he's a key figure in the Reagan Administration and then, on the other, that he doesn't know anything about the most egregious White House deal in the last six years."

Last month, the Iran affair further reshuffled the GOP line-up when the

President appointed Howard Baker chief of staff. "Howard was getting a solid 10 to 15 per cent," observes a Washington campaign watcher. "Now those supporters are up for grabs." Politicos here differ over who gains the most from Baker's exit, half of them seeing Dole as the principal beneficiary. "Nominees with distance from the Iran affair are already ahead, like Dole," says a senior political consultant. "No one's jumping on any Bush bandwagon now." Dole has already swept ahead of Bush in Iowa, the latest poll showing him with 33 per cent to Bush's 28. "A 12 per cent Baker add-on for Dole would send a powerful message to the rest of the nation," says a Dole aide.

The Dole-takes-Baker's-dozen argument was, in fact, immediately strengthened when New Hampshire Senator Warren Rudman, who had been perseveringly backing Baker before his White House appointment, all but endorsed Dole on Baker's first day on the new job. Such support, coming as it does from a state that can make or break a political future, would be a big plus for Dole.

The other half of Washington observers expect Baker's bloc to go to George Bush. "Dole suffers from ideological schizophrenia," observes a Washington analyst. "We don't know whether he's going conservative or moderate or both." Dole's perceived ideological fuzziness was mirrored in the raging strife between two of his advisors, moderate John Sears, the former (1980), unceremoniously sacked Reagan campaign manager, and conservative David Keene, the former (1980) Bush aide. Sears was pushing for a Reaganesque "broad vision" of the nation's future under Dole's leadership, whereas Keene felt that it was premature for the still unannounced candidate to be uttering large pronouncements. In his view, Dole should stay with a smaller-bore-issue agenda.

But Keene departed the Dole campaign last week, leaving the field—at least for now—to Sears.

"Because of the fuzziness and the rift," concludes the analyst, "I see Baker supporters going to Bush just to be safe." A key official at the Republican National Committee goes further: "No question Baker's supporters will go to Bush. Dole will pick up a few, that's all."

Supporters of other GOP candidates are rejoicing simply in the removal of one rival from the candidate pool. "The gurus say that Dole and Bush benefit," observes a du Pont aide. "But it affects the whole field. Pete's moved up one step further now—from number six to number five—and that means something." Conservative Jack Kemp, too, while acknowledging that few of Baker's moderate people will join him, is glad to see the rival number-three man out of the running.

Of course, everyone is quick to note that the true beginning of the 1988 race is still a year off. Bushites hope that the reopening of a Bush-led terrorism task force will create the look of energetic independence the Vice President so desperately needs. Like President Reagan, Bush hopes the Tower Report marks the beginning of the end of the Iran affair.

WHETHER Bob Dole or George Bush seizes the now leaderless Baker bloc, however, may mean little, since the man with the most to gain from Baker's withdrawal is probably Baker himself. Not only is he saved from another embarrassing presidential run, but his daily visibility as chief of staff offers name recognition far above that reflected in the 10 per cent-plus he had been polling, possibly setting the stage for a Baker draft in 1988, in the event of a deadlocked convention, or for a 1992 presidential bid. Either way, watch Baker. □

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IS THERE LIFE AFTER TOWER?

IT IS LUCKY for the American people that the crisis in the District of Columbia coincided with a period of change and turmoil in the USSR. Even so, I find much cause for unease and displeasure.

The gloating tone of so many congressmen and media commentators over the discomfiture of the President and his closest advisors was distasteful. At least my old opponent Mr. Ben Bradlee was honest enough to come clean when he said (if he was correctly quoted): "I haven't enjoyed myself so much since Watergate." What joyous irresponsibility! Unelected but powerful, the press, radio, and television have played, yet again, a role in which a 90 per cent share is purely destructive (and I am probably being kind).

The elected politicians wallowed in their restored capacity to frustrate the execution of the President's foreign policy. The relief was visible and audible. For some months, and even years, it had seemed as if the White House and the CIA had found ways of bypassing the barriers to the exercise of presidential power so carefully constructed in the wake of Watergate.

In these pages (January 30), Richard Brookhiser brilliantly exposed the appalling incoherence of the congressional debates and resolutions on the Contras; Neil C. Livingstone, quoting Colonel Ollie North, provided the first rational explanation of the controversial decision to sell arms to selected Iranians; and Dinesh D'Souza analyzed the sophisticated exploitation by Soviet propagandists (with that nice, open Mr. Gorbachev in power) of the useful idiocies of American liberals.

So where does the President go from here? Is there life, strategic life, after the report of the Tower Commission? The appointment of Howard Baker to succeed Donald Regan as chief of staff was an inspired exercise in conciliation and mollification. Dare

one hope that the President will now be allowed to look around the world and do something about what he sees?

One would like to think so, but, frankly, the outlook does inspire skepticism. It is not only in the U.S. that democratic weaknesses give cause for concern. Take Britain, where it still looks as if Mrs. Margaret Thatcher will stay in for a third consecutive term of office, breaking all records. We had all better hope she will, for the alternatives are grimmer than many may realize. The Liberal/Social Democratic Alliance is hopelessly divided on defense (with the Social Democrats in favor of the deterrent and the Liberals against); and the Labour Party is now, *de facto*, under the control of groups and individuals who do not call themselves Communists but are in fact just that. If some freak of electoral arithmetic brought them to power, the deterrent would go, and so, too, would the Yanks. It would spell the end of the Western Alliance.

In the Federal Republic of Germany, Chancellor Kohl's right-of-center coalition only narrowly won the January elections. The opposition Social Democrats (SPD) are about as heavily infiltrated by *de facto* Communists as Britain's Labour Party. The SPD's defense policy is based on the notion of a "security partnership with the states of the East"—a straight contradiction of NATO. The anti-nuclear Greens are on the rise. On the CDU-CSU side, there have been regrettable casualties. One of the very few politicians with a clear understanding of the Soviet threat, Count Hans Huyn, lost his seat in the Bundestag. (Another, Alois Mertes, died—alas—some time ago.)

In France, "cohabitation" has produced an incoherent mess in foreign affairs, with a marked inclination to appease Middle East terrorists. At least the French are united on defense, with the dwindling exception of the Communist Party.

All of this, unfortunately, has a bearing on the current attitudes of America's European allies toward the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Abroad, at least, Mikhail Gorbachev is a lucky man. He is hailed as an aspirant democrat and a man of peace, and lures to his den the glitterati of the West's celebrities, from Gregory Peck to Graham Greene to Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal, who chose Moscow to kiss and make up. One good thing to note: So preoccupied is Mr. Gorbachev with political survival in the face of the entrenched Party bureaucracy that (for the time being) he may do little to accelerate the expansive march of Communism.

WHAT, HOWEVER, can Ronald Reagan now hope to do to slow down that march and perhaps even, here and there, reverse it? I suggest a few areas where firm action is (still) sorely needed:

—Central America. Whatever is said against the Contras, they are volunteers fighting a totalitarian tyranny. It is far, far cheaper, in money and American lives, as well as in political terms, that they should do the fighting, not American troops.

—Angola. Give Savimbi the tools to finish the job.

—Mozambique. Reverse the absurd policy, concocted by the British Foreign Office and by Chester Crocker of the U.S. State Department, of helping a Communist government in its war against the anti-Communist guerrillas of Renamo.

—South Africa. Give a lead in fostering public understanding of the fact that to help the ANC is to further the prospects of a Communist government in Pretoria. There *are* alternatives, not least Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha.

Is it too much to hope that the Ben Bradlees of this world will curb their appetite for *Schadenfreude*? □

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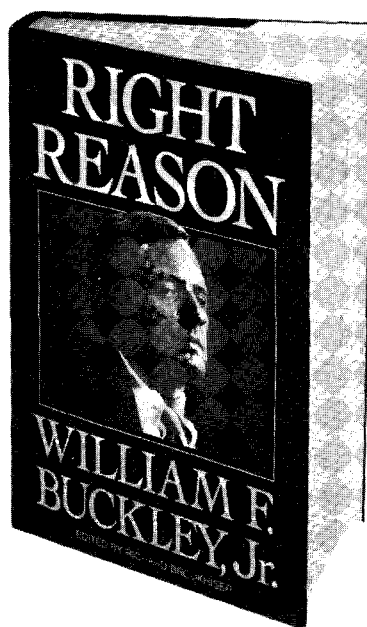
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The Young Pol's Guide To the Brave New World

BY DAVID BROOKS

TELEPHONE MESSAGES in the Justice Department used to be funny, but not any more. How would it look, twenty years from now, if a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee were to read your message, yellowed with age, to the committee and the gathered press: "Felix Dabney called while you were at lunch. He wants to know how he can stop being such a dweeb."

Dabney the dweeb is now Senator Dweeb, chairman of that Judiciary Committee. Steam rises gently from his scalp as the junior senator from Massachusetts reads the two-decades-old phone message. Your chances of getting confirmed to sit on the Second Circuit Court of Appeals are suddenly slim. Maybe black isn't your best color after all.

For the past couple of months I have been having lunch and talking on the phone with Washington's credentialed youth—yuppies of all political stripes, about thirty years old mostly, who have made early successes of themselves in government, and who will someday go on to such greater successes that the idea of having lunch or talking on the phone with me will seem absurd. Something happened last summer that ate at their stomach linings, and they are eager to talk about it, though not for attribution, of course.

The horrible event was the Rehnquist confirmation hearings. The young credentialed know that they too are going to face confirmation hearings someday, on their way to the inevitable Cabinet posts, under-secretaryships, judge-ships, independent commissioners, and any of the several hundred other executive appointments that require congressional confirmation. The Rehnquist hearings were a blast from the future, a nastier, slimier, more ideological, more dehumanizing slap of mud than anything they had anticipated.

"There's a great deal of concern," said one Administration official, who has already faced confirmation once. "You've got a lot of good people who would normally go through the process, who've got nothing to hide, who think that their backgrounds are clean. They take a look at the Rehnquist hearings, and they see how you can take things out of context and twist and contort things so it appears that wrongdoing's taking place when it really isn't. It's a myth that we lose a lot of government recruits because they don't want to take the kinds of pay cuts that are involved. They don't want to have their backgrounds laundered the way the Judiciary Committee has in the past few years."

The Reagan Administration has had a tougher time lately filling high-level positions, especially judgeships, and, unfortunately, the list of confirmable Reagan appointees—people who look like Lena Horne, talk like Leo Buscaglia, but think like Robert Novak—is diminishing.

Michael Horowitz is a former liberal Democrat turned neoconservative Republican who served as general counsel of the Office of Management and Budget. He helped desegregate the University of Mississippi Law School when he taught there in the Sixties. But he also opposes quotas and fought to defund the Legal Services Corporation. The Reagan Administration nominated him to become a federal appeals judge for the D.C. Circuit Court. But the ACLU, the NAACP, and People for the American Way declared that he lacked a "judicial temperament." Rather than be strip-mined by the Judiciary Committee, he withdrew his name from consideration.

Most people don't leave government, though. They simply make the sort of pre-emptive compromises that will head off confirmation trouble. Rehnquist-style hearings teach aspiring public servants several lessons:

Avoid controversial agencies. Ed Curran, as head of the National Institute of Education, waged an unsuccessful effort to eliminate his agency, following through on a Reagan campaign pledge. Later, he was nominated to head the National Endowment for the Humanities. The Senate blocked his confirmation because of his activities at the NIE. Tom Pauken faced a messy confirmation fight engineered by Cranston aide Jonathan Steinberg because he accepted a nomination to head ACTION, a program beloved by leftists because it pays Sixties radicals to dream up Gary Hart-style new ideas to justify the same old Roosevelt programs.

Avoid controversial issues. If you are a lawyer, for example, do not work in civil rights or immigration law. Twenty years down the road, the sorts of racial classifications that are involved in current immigration law may be morally unacceptable.

Do not contribute to intellectual debate. With confirmation investigations as thorough as they are, there is simply no way to tell the truth and get away with it. NR contributor, education writer, and former Department of Edu-

Mr. Brooks, a frequent NR contributor, is the book-review editor of the Wall Street Journal.

cation staffer Lawrence Uzzell is considered unconfirmable for any future Department of Education post because he has argued that the Federal Government has no proper role in public schooling. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in a move without precedent, voted 13 to 4 to defeat Ernest Lefever's nomination to become Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, in part because of articles he had written criticizing the Carter Administration's human-rights policy.

Be very careful about how you contribute to executive-branch deliberations. "I don't think there is any question that [the viciousness of the confirmation process] has resulted in a less candid, less freewheeling discussion on public policies before they're implemented," one White House aide told me. "People don't want to be on the wrong side of history. Increasingly, they are trying to anticipate the long-term political implications of what they do. They look at Rehnquist and they see that his memos on *Brown v. Board of Education*, written more than thirty years ago, have not stood the test of time, and they tend to assess their own memoranda by the same criterion."

This is not to say that aspiring public servants are completely ruled by their fears of the confirmation process. "It would be very easy to overstate the problem," another White House official told me. "This is not a place where no one says anything controversial in a memo. It is a place where what we write today could be public in a decade. You take risks." Still, the incentives are laid out against them. Public servants cannot dedicate themselves solely to public problems. They must constantly think, "What about me?" a phrase that, confirmation hearings aside, already makes up the complete text of the Bureaucratic Oath.

Be even more careful about what you write in an executive-branch memorandum. Les Lenkowsky—who was appointed Deputy Director of USIA, served for nine months on an interim appointment, and then was rejected by the Senate—told me, "I'm a writer by trade and when I got to USIA, when people would write memos I'd write answers. One of the senior career guys came up in amazement. They'd never gotten written replies from the front office before. Did I know what I was doing? I said, 'Look, that's the way I am,' and it came back to haunt me. One of the things that were at issue in my confirmation hearings was whether certain jottings of mine on lists of prospective speakers represented an intent to blacklist. I'd be much better off if I had never written a thing."

A White House official told me, "The fact that all sorts of written work Rehnquist had done as a law clerk, the fact that that was disclosed, was very, very interesting. It makes you think there is a great dichotomy between the things you write down and the things you don't write down." It was especially disturbing to young credentialed legal types who have been taught that confidentiality is a precious part of legal etiquette.

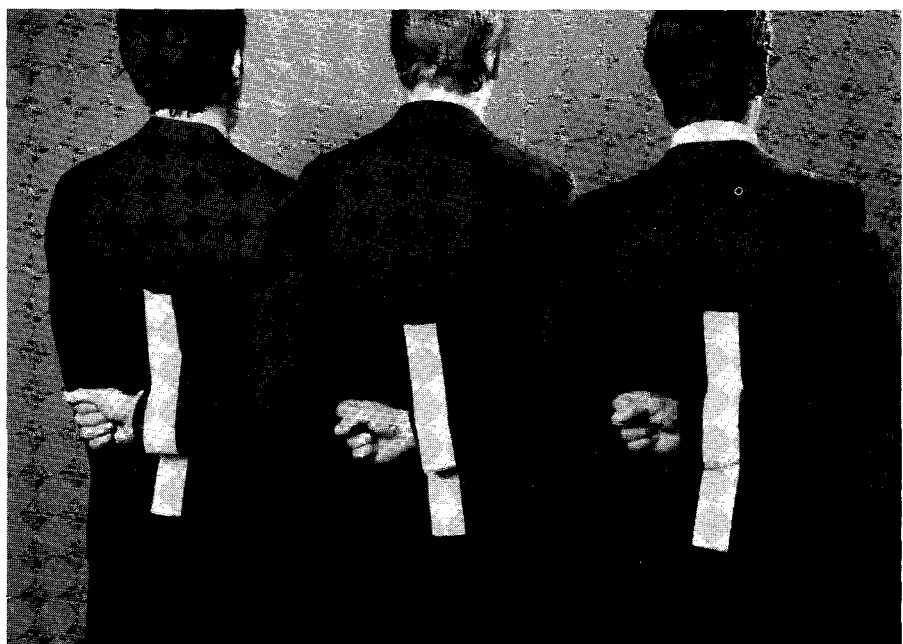
Rehnquist's problem, as people have noticed, was that he was witty, and a good writer. Thus, good writing, even in "confidential" memoranda, has become unfashionable. Irony and sarcasm are definite no-nos. The style nowadays is decidedly Faulknerian, but showing the influence of some of the best IRS scribes. You can write anything you want as long as it is indecipherable.

But the greatest fear is of what can be done to your delicately balanced arguments if a sadistic news editor decides to amuse himself by turning them into a 30-second television snippet. As one young credentialed put it: "If [fear of confirmation hearings] means that I don't write racist memos—well, good. No one should write racist memos. What you are worried about is the sense we sometimes get that anything will be used against us."

"You saw how things were taken out of context," says a former Administration official, who hopes for a high-level job in the next Republican Administration. "You start thinking not, Would a fair-minded person look at this and say, 'This is evidence of bad character and bad judgment'? No. You think, Could someone who doesn't like me, and wants to get me for other reasons, take this out of context, distort it, go on television with it, and make people feel uncomfortable enough with me that it would cause me real problems? You have to think worst-case scenario."

It is the liberal activist groups, even more than the Senate itself, that the young credentialed fear. A number of potential judicial nominees, for instance, have declined to appear at Federalist Society functions. The Federalist Society is an eminently respectable organization of conservative lawyers, law students, and legal theorists. Indeed, it owes its respectability to the fact that few members of Congress would be capable of following its discussions. But to appear at a Federalist seminar is to attract the attention of the activists, ever vigilant for an outbreak of representative government. Once they determine that a nominee might commit judicial restraint, they go after him.

As Larry Smith, who worked confirmation hearings for 14 years as an aide to Senators John Stennis and Gary Hart, told *Policy Review* a couple of years ago, "What



Don Brewster

you look for is not the number of people against you, but their intensity and passion." Thus the tyranny of the activists: They can taint a nominee by putting him through a particle-accelerator-like investigation that leaves his impurities splattered all over the *Washington Post*.

Senators, who have neither the funds nor the staff to investigate all appointees with opposing philosophies, treasure activist input. When the activists speak, moderates, who are not inclined to take the risk of supporting a controversial nominee, may back off. The President, who can expend real effort and political capital on only the most important nominees, may cave. When it was revealed that Jefferson Sessions, another Reagan nominee, had at one point written harsh words about the ACLU, Senator Metz-enbaum charged, "This is a nominee who is hostile to civil-rights organizations and their causes." None of Mr. Sessions's allies were as fervent as his opponents, and he was humiliated and defeated.

Some of the young credentialed are so appalled by the spectacle that they would all but abolish the confirmation process. The bad effects so outweigh the good, they argue, that the Senate should just serve as a rubber stamp, even if that means that incompetents and bad guys will occasionally slip through. Others believe that the Senate does

have a constructive role to play but should stop attacking a nominee's character when it is his politics that are really at issue. "The attempt to couch opposition to [Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights] Brad Reynolds in terms of character, in terms of honesty—that was totally reprehensible," one Administration official told me. He echoed a nearly universal outrage—Reynolds is well liked. On the other hand, at a recent Federalist Society convention Michael Horowitz told the young credentialed to be "grateful for that fig leaf," however dishonest. If it ever becomes acceptable to oppose nominees on explicitly ideological grounds, things will get worse.

IN 1980, young conservatives strode into the capital like an army of Doris Days, under the illusion that it would take but a brief Reagan Presidency to envelop government in a state of permanent virginity. Many thought they would soon be able to re-enter the private sector and get on with the serious business of not knowing what to do with their lives.

Suddenly, though, their fighting spirit is being sapped. As politicians they were ready for compromise. But the confirmation hearings demand a caution that is corrosive.

In the Pit

The following is an excerpt from the opening remarks of Senator Alan Simpson at the beginning of the Senate Judiciary Committee's hearings on the nomination of Antonin Scalia for Justice of the Supreme Court. The committee had been holding hearings on William Rehnquist's nomination for several weeks.

SENATOR SIMPSON: Welcome to the "pit." . . . The great hunters have been out to tack the pelt of Bill Rehnquist on the wall of the den. Quite an exercise. It is like that old Clint Eastwood movie, *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*, and it was, and it is. I will be curious to see how tough and ringy and red-faced we can get with you, to point and posture and pontificate, ruffle up like a sage chicken, and even take a shot at the poor old Alfa Club. . . .

None of [the members of this committee] are perfect, I can assure you. I am not perfect, I can assure you. Then why the ritual? The known human frailties that beset us all, just the known ones, are enough to confound us and confuse us in our own lives. The unknown ones we do worse with. . . .

Not one of us, not one of us here would want to sit right there at that table. We could not pass the test. We could not stand "the heat." It is easier up here. Here we can brag and bluster and blather. . . .

It is funny, but it really is not very funny at all. Human beings are involved, real families, and real hurt. . . . [This is] the real world of the inquisitors and the accused. And that is the word I wish to use—not presidential nominee: the accused.

How can we demand perfection of others, now or in the past, when we do not have that in ourselves? How can we expect perfection in legislating, or in judging on a court,

or in the world of business, or sports, or assembly lines—any task—when we do not have it in our own lives? Well, not me. I have flunked out on perfection. . . .

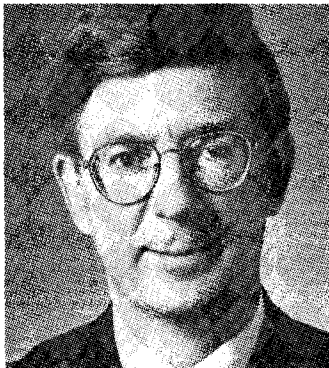
We have listened to [stories about] ballot security, in days when you were, by law, to ask people if they could read the Constitution of the United States before they could vote. That may be harassment in some other state. In Wyoming it was the law. . . . Memos of a young law clerk, memos of a young lawyer, memos to a judge, memos that fit, memos that did not fit. Memos and decisions that were made, were ill-considered, ill-advised, or a little dumb, or dull. . . .

Well, enough. Three sitting members, though, of this United States Senate, right now, voted against the sweeping Civil Rights Act of 1964. Do we keep score on them? Do we let them know we will never forgive? They changed, they listened, they adopted, they adapted, and they learned. Don't others get that leeway in this particular arena?

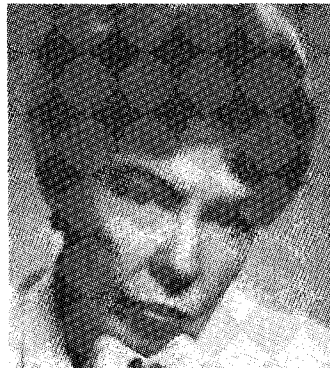
Oh, I tell you I can hear it now: "Oh, Simpson, you old silly. There is a higher standard here for the attorney general, or for the Supreme Court, or for the District Court. There is a nobler and higher yardstick for the Chief Justice or the Justice." Or for any presidential appointee. Well, what bosh and twaddle that is. What arrogance that is, true arrogance. A higher standard than that for a United States senator, a proud office we all cherish and lusted after, and try to honor? . . .

So, dig in and keep your fine humor. . . . But through all the heavy guff that you will get, just recall that all of us, every single one of us right here, sitting here now, or outside, and me, too, who are your inquisitors, have already flunked the real test. The real full and mature test of a full life lived. None of us could, or would, escape the barrel of the weapon turned back in our face. □

It's an all star conservative cast



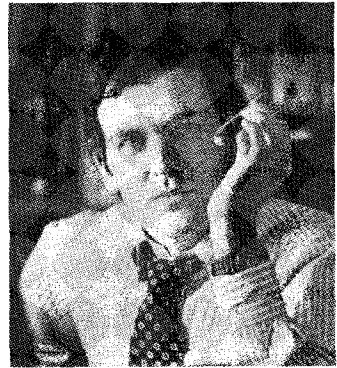
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Conservatives not only cannot win the day; they can't even write a memorandum about what they are thinking. Pre-emptive compromising siphons off their enthusiasm. The climate subtly discourages radical suggestions, entrepreneurial policy risks, and creative thinking. Morale plummets.

A number of observers are upset that the young credentialed are knuckling under to their confirmation-hearing fears. Last spring, *The Intercollegiate Review* conducted a symposium on the state of conservatism. The contributors were grim. "The dangers that threaten the integrity of the conservative movement can be summarized in a single term: politicization," Gregory Wolfe wrote in his introduction. Because of the movement's political successes, he continued, conservatism has "drawn the inevitable groups of pragmatists and camp followers to the seats of power and privilege. This has entailed not only the frustration of many conservative efforts at reform, but also a continuing dilution of what conservatism actually means."

In government circles, the argument is made even more forcefully. There are dozens of public servants who refuse to pre-compromise in the face of future confirmation hearings or any other form of public intimidation. Their model is former White House Communications Director Patrick Buchanan, who, because of his candid conservatism, was unconfirmable as ambassador to NATO, a job he really wanted.

These conservatives insist that the prudence of the young credentialed isn't political strategy, it is vulgar careerism. "We didn't come here to run government," they say, "but to reduce it." Their top priority is making intellectual points, not political maneuvers. "The greatest political misconception in Washington is [to believe] that occupying office is indispensable to changing public policy," says Bruce Fein, who served as Associate Deputy Attorney General before joining the Heritage Foundation. In a typical restatement of the creed, he argues, "Unless there is a change in the intellectual climate, it doesn't matter who the individuals are who occupy a particular office."

Similarly, William Niskanen, former Reagan Administration economist and current chairman of the Cato Institute, urged a group of Reagan political appointees: "Don't get caught by the incrementalist thinking of this town. . . . Don't act as if you're going to spend the rest of your life in government. . . . Keep your bags packed."

BUT THE YOUNG activists I talked to are not about to creep around D.C. like illegal aliens and then depart, leaving all the jobs to people who eat mung-bean pizza. After all, what's the fun of having a temporary government appointment if you can't keep it forever? As Ben Hart writes in his forthcoming book on the "third generation" of conservative leaders: "Today's young conservative activist enjoys working in Washington, a city by its nature generally antithetical to conservative principles."

A more important consideration perhaps is that getting through a confirmation hearing without selling your soul is a skill, and, like any skill, it takes a little time to develop. At the end of the rainbow is the promise that if enough young conservatives learn that skill they may acquire the power and finesse to put both themselves and the mung-bean eaters out of government.

Thus the young credentialed are more likely to follow

the advice one conservative appointee asked me to spread: "If it comes to choosing between loyalty to your President and agreeing with some senator who is going to get you confirmed, pick the latter, because the President ain't gonna be loyal to you. The President just has too many other fish to fry." Or they might follow the advice that arms-control negotiator Kenneth Adelman offered in *Policy Review*: "Don't study gobs of information [for a confirmation hearing] because it's all emoting, how sincere you are. If you're going to be Secretary of the Interior, you should talk about how much you like little mooses."

Once in office, they are going to follow non-confrontational models such as James Miller, who, at the Federal Trade Commission and at the Office of Management and Budget, pursued free-market goals while shunning fiery rhetoric and unrealistic initiatives. Yet no one can call Jim Miller or Ken Adelman a pragmatic wimp. They are brilliant idealists who have set themselves the heavy task of becoming conservative establishmentarians. We should be glad that they and hundreds like them are willing to slog it out.

The moral, I guess, is that politics ain't beanbag. Our bureaucrats need combat experience. Thanks to the Reaganites who have spent the last six years dodging confirmation-hearing taboos, the next Republican Administration will have a rich pool of confirmable conservative talent to draw from, something that was lacking in 1980. In the meantime, most of the young credentialed see little point in illuminating the Washington skyline in a blaze of conservative glory.

To say the game is worth the candle is not, however, to excuse the senators and congressional staffers who have created a confirmation process that induces people with strong convictions to avoid public service; that clears the way for the nakedly ambitious and makes life difficult for those with a sense of public duty; that forces idealists to repress their ideas so that they can survive; that demoralizes public servants; that chills the atmosphere of executive deliberations; and that makes the oversight process seem mean, vengeful, and dehumanizing.

Moreover, Republican senators, who were so easy on Carter appointees that Common Cause called the confirmation process in those days "The Rubber-Stamp Machine," are now pledging, "No more Mr. Nice Guy." Some say that though they were gentlemanly in the past, during future liberal Presidencies they intend to fight just as dirty as the Democrats are doing now. As one former Judiciary aide told me, "Some of the Democrats . . . realize that they have set in motion something that they might not like . . . The process will be much less civil than it was in 1978 or 1979." Young liberal public servants should be just as nervous as young conservatives.

On top of all the other deleterious effects of this oppressive atmosphere, it has changed the way public servants look at their lives. It used to be that no matter what a man came from, no matter what mistakes he made in his youth, an American could pick himself up, turn himself around, and make good. The barbarized confirmation hearings assume that the mistakes a nominee makes early in life can be held against him forever. They demand maturity from the young, intellectual stasis from the open-minded, decorum and self-restraint from the enthusiastic. There are no longer second acts in a public servant's life. □



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THE KING IS HOSTAGE

I WAS INTIMATELY involved in the counter-terrorism efforts of the Reagan Administration for three years. For me, the most resonant moment of the President's March 4 "It was all my fault" speech came when he told the American people that he hadn't started out trading arms for hostages, had had no intention of trading arms for hostages, did not believe at the time that he had traded arms for hostages, and only realized he had done so after being forced by the scandal to review the record. "It's clear from the [Tower Commission] report," he explained, "that I let my personal concern for the hostages spill over into the geopolitical strategy of reaching out to Iran. I asked so many questions about the hostages' welfare that I didn't ask enough about the specifics of the total Iran plan." The President who was swept into office in part by Jimmy Carter's hostage crisis had realized the essential truth of all such situations: When a citizen of the realm is taken, it is always the king who is hostage.

In each year of President Reagan's first term there were eight to ten terrorist kidnappings of Americans around the world, most of which were resolved by quiet diplomacy or swift counter-terrorist action. What set apart the kidnappings that brought about Iranamok was, first of all, that the effective use of force was nearly impossible. More importantly, the family and friends of the hostages played right into the terrorists' strategy, making quiet diplomacy almost as difficult as the use of force. Their increasingly public campaign to promote the release of their loved ones prolonged and deep-

ened the crisis both for the Administration and for the hostages themselves.

The kidnappings that have plagued the second term of the Reagan Presidency began on March 7, 1984, with the capture of CNN Beirut Bureau Chief Jeremy Levin. The following week, William Buckley, the CIA station chief at the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, was kidnapped. In May 1984 the Reverend Benjamin Weir was kidnapped, and in December the American University librarian, Peter Kilburn, was captured on his way to work. In succeeding months the kidnappers picked up Lawrence Martin Jenco, a Catholic priest; AP Middle East correspondent Terry Anderson; American University hospital administrator David Jacobsen; and the American University's acting dean of agriculture, Thomas Sutherland.

The kidnappers were members of a radical Lebanese Shiite group called Hezbollah, or Party of Allah, an affiliate of the loose cluster of terrorists who call themselves Islamic Jihad, or holy war. From the beginning their rather simple aim was to take Americans hostage in order to force the Reagan Administration to put pressure on Kuwait to release Iraqi Shiite terrorists the Kuwaitis had jailed for six bombings in that country. The terrorists' strategy was to promote continuous media play by seriatim kidnappings and thereby capture the full attention of the Administration.

The Lebanon hostage cases soon proved to be different from other kidnappings of Americans abroad. Though at first the Lebanon kidnappings appeared to be, as I have said, merely acts of a terrorist group, it soon became clear that several governments were also involved. These kidnappings were a product of the close relations among Lebanese extremists and the regimes of Hafez Assad in Syria and the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran.

Through a complex, multi-layered in-

volvement in regional and international terrorism, Syria's president, Hafez Assad, has made himself a central actor in this hostage drama. In the first place, Assad felt the need to strengthen his ties with Shiite fundamentalists in Syria and in Syrian-controlled areas of Lebanon. As an Alawite Moslem, he is a member of an outcast group, and he has hardly any credentials for appealing either to the Sunnis or to the Shiite radicals. To improve relations with the latter, he turned to Iran. One concession he made was to permit the Iranian Revolutionary Guard to station forces in the Bekaa Valley. He also made direct contributions to Shiite terrorists, including provision of safe haven and logistical support.

The PLO Connection

ASSAD'S SECOND level of direct involvement with terrorists grew out of his desire to achieve control over the Palestinian movement. For years he has tried to unseat Yasser Arafat as leader of Al Fatah, the core of the Palestine Liberation Organization. That goal has eluded him, perhaps because the Arab governments—Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Algeria, Libya, Iraq, and the Emirates—that keep Syria from going bankrupt have not wanted an obviously radicalized PLO. Assad nonetheless acquired a great deal of influence over the most extreme Palestinian elements, such as the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (a subgroup of the PLO) and the Black June organization of Abu Nidal. These groups have attacked Americans and other foreigners while under Assad's protection, but Assad chiefly uses the Palestinian extremists to exert pressure on other Arab governments in order to ensure that he will play a leading role in any future resolution of Arab-Israeli issues.

Starting in early 1983, the number of these incidents of Syrian-supported,

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Iran-sponsored terrorism steadily increased. The Iran-backed Islamic Jihad operated out of Syrian-controlled areas of Lebanon to destroy the U.S. Embassy in West Beirut in April 1983, to kill 241 U.S. Marines at Beirut International Airport in October 1983, to attack the U.S. Embassy annex in East Beirut in mid 1984, and to carry out the series of kidnappings that has continued to the present.

The Kuwait bombers, whose release from jail remains Hezbollah's goal in undertaking the kidnappings, were an Iranian tool in the Iran-Iraq war. The December 1983 attacks by these Shiite opponents of Iraq's ruler, Saddam Hussein—including an attempt to destroy the U.S. Embassy in Kuwait—were arranged by Iran to intimidate Kuwait into cutting off support for Iraq in the war.

The Kuwait Shift

IN THE LIGHT of that history, when TWA flight 847 was hijacked in June 1985 by members of Hezbollah, the natural points of contact to resolve the incident were Iran, Syria, and Nabih Berri's Shia Amal faction in Lebanon. This was hardly because these entities harbored any particular sympathy for the United States, but because they had great influence and, in Iran's case, chain-of-command relations with the terrorists.

Iran, Syria, and Shia Amal are all credited with playing a role in the release of the TWA flight 847 hostages. But a close look at the deal they negotiated suggests that it set the stage both for the continuing pattern of hostage-takings by radical Shiites and for the direct approach of the Reagan Administration to Iran.

When the TWA hijacking began, the original Hezbollah hijackers renewed their demand that the Kuwait bombers be freed. However, it was not long before Nabih Berri began demanding that Israel release about a thousand Lebanese prisoners.

I have not seen direct evidence of how this switch in the focus of demands from Kuwait to Israel came about, but here's a reasonable guess: Assad and Berri must have been aware that Kuwait adamantly opposed releasing the bombers. Assad didn't want to anger Kuwait, which is a key source of funding for his government. Maybe Assad or Berri actually approached

Kuwait and got a negative answer. In any event, Assad and Berri went to Hezbollah and said, "No deal." Then, I can picture them making a suggestion: Those TWA 847 hostages would be excellent bargaining chips for leveraging prisoners out of the Israelis. Hezbollah had little choice but to agree. However, it did extract a quid pro quo: It would hang on to the original hostages so it could keep bargaining for release of the Kuwait bombers. Thus, a radical Shiite effort to break friends and family members out of jail in Kuwait ended up as just another chapter in the Arab-Israeli dispute, while the long-term captivity of Americans and other hostages by Hezbollah continued unchanged.

As hostages were released one at a time under the Iran deal, Hezbollah and related elements of Islamic Jihad began to reinforce their bargaining position by taking new hostages. For every hostage they let go, they captured at least one new one. By January of this year the group had built up a stockpile of more than 25 hostages. However, Kuwait still refuses to release the bombers, and negotiations once again have drifted over to a possible swap with Israel.

The case of American University Acting President David Dodge, kidnapped in 1982 and released a year later, illustrates how the strategy of quiet diplomacy took the Syria-Iran terrorism connections fully into ac-

count. Few hard details are available, but it seems that Dodge's kidnappers turned him over to the Iranian Revolutionary Guard unit in the Bekaa Valley, which spirited him away to Iran without telling the Syrians. When the Syrians were informed that the Iranians had helped kidnap an American right under their noses, Syrian assistance to obtain Dodge's release came swiftly. This revelation no doubt unsettled Syrian relations with Iran; in any case, the freedom of action previously enjoyed by the Revolutionary Guard was sharply curtailed. David Dodge was freed. There was little publicity before Dodge was freed, and there has not been a great deal since.

Unquiet Diplomacy

WHEN THE new wave of kidnappings began, with the capture of Jeremy Levin, quiet diplomacy began to erode. Mrs. Levin pursued a high-profile public campaign to obtain the release of her husband. Her argument, and the complaint of other hostage families, boiled down to: "If you are not doing anything I can see, you are not doing anything." That implicit accusation became the source of a growing tension between the hostage families and the Administration.

Responding to this pressure, State Department and NSC staffers arranged a series of meetings for the hostage families with senior officials, culminating in meetings with Vice President Bush and President Reagan. As Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North indicated to me and others during an October 1985 symposium at the Foreign Service Institute in Washington, the combined efforts of the hostage families and the media were generating intense political heat. We now know that at that time the approach to Iran already had been initiated.

The battleground with the hostage families was the stated U.S. policy of no concessions to terrorists. There was and is a serious problem with that policy: What exactly does it mean? Does it mean no concessions of any kind? Does it mean no discussion, no dialogue? Does it mean that no effort will be made to extricate Americans from a terrifying fate? Though the general purpose of the policy is obvious, no one has ever defined it in any detail. Hostage family members came to believe that the policy meant no



Michael Silberman

talking with the terrorists, and they insisted with growing stridency that we abandon this policy. As Terry Anderson's sister, Mrs. Peggy Say, urged in June 1986, we should "get in there and negotiate."

As one of the officials who sought at various times to damp down this campaign, I was deeply concerned, and said so in several private discussions, that publicity would send the wrong signal to the terrorists. We knew that "no concessions" did not mean "no negotiations." In previous cases the release of American captives had been somehow "negotiated," and a public campaign had not been needed to get our people back safely. But even senior Administration officials at times used the terms "no concessions" and "no negotiations" interchangeably, fanning the fears of the hostage families. Those fears in turn drove the publicity campaign.

The Algerian Attempt

IN FACT, much was being done privately, but circumstances made progress difficult. The kidnappers of Levin and Buckley had established an early policy of no direct contact with U.S. authorities. Hence, some indirect means had to be found. To that end the Algerians were approached, because they had been of great help in securing the release of the Teheran Embassy hostages. The Algerians made several probes to see what could be done, but none proved successful.

In July 1984, well after Algerian authorities had initiated their efforts, a video tape was transmitted via indirect channels to the State Department. So far as I am aware, this tape was the nearest thing to a formal demand that U.S. authorities ever received from Hezbollah. On the tape, each of the hostages recited a scripted statement in which he said that his life depended on the release of the Shiite bombers in Kuwait. The United States, of course, had no control over these prisoners, who had been tried and found guilty in a Kuwaiti court. Kuwait at no point has shown any sign of willingness to release them.

When the Algerian initiative failed, there were essentially four possibilities: to use force, which in the crowded and well-protected area of the Bekaa Valley was very risky; to work through private channels, several of which ap-

peared to be worth exploring; to stand back and wait, hoping that some promising new avenue might present itself; or to get help from Iran and/or Syria, recognizing their deep involvement with and sponsorship of the kidnappers.

Force, to my knowledge, has never been ruled out, but pinpointing a terrorist target in Lebanon is immensely difficult. As the TWA hijackers demonstrated by farming out U.S. hostages in various parts of the Shiite community, at any given moment our people could be anywhere, including in the target zone of any attack.

By the time Jeremy Levin made good his escape from Hezbollah in February 1985, at least a dozen private options had surfaced. All of these schemes had to be checked out, because one of them just might have worked; but, unfortunately, the majority of them proved to involve people who had unsavory reputations or who had axes to grind respecting one or more of the partisan conflicts now sun-dering Lebanon. Apart from the efforts of the Archbishop of Canterbury's envoy, Terry Waite, who is now himself a captive, none of the private approaches ever got very far.

Playing for time, hostage negotiators generally agree, is an essential strategy to keep from paying too much to resolve a terrorist incident. This strategy is easily neutralized, however, by any indication that you are eager to negotiate, and the public campaign pretty well took care of that. Indeed, it may have suggested to Hezbollah that a few more hostages might strengthen the bargaining position.

Syria frequently was approached for help. U.S. authorities, particularly the U.S. Embassy in Damascus, engaged in more or less continuous dialogue with Syria, and high-level U.S. official visitors to Syria frequently raised the hostage cases. By mid 1985, therefore, there was hardly any new ground left to explore, nor was there any significant new leverage the U.S. could exert on that front.

In my view, the initiation of contacts with Iran was an inevitable step in the progression of U.S. efforts. The record is clear enough that the direct approach to Iran was a last resort. U.S. interests in the Persian Gulf region provided ample reason for us to improve our relationship with Iran over the long run. In the short run, unless our hostages in Lebanon were

released by some other means, sooner or later we would have to talk to Iran. As former National Security Council consultant Michael Ledeen pointed out in a January 25 article in the *Washington Post*, the Iranians themselves were also beginning in mid 1985 to send out feelers.

Setting the Deal

ONCE ANY DIALOGUE with Iran had begun, the general course of talks was almost inevitable. Critics of the President may go on arguing that he should have put our strategic and regional interests ahead of hostages, but that is unrealistic. If we talked to Iran, the first item had to be the hostages. Indeed, it would have been reprehensible to undertake any rapprochement with Iran, while a terrorist group under Iranian protection was holding American hostages, without some indication that the Iranians would assist in their release. On Iran's side also, as Michael Ledeen reports in that same article, there was an interest in long-term improvement in the relationship, but the first priority was weapons. The subject matter of the exchange was therefore set.

At this point in the evolution of the problem, the President's role as hostage comes to the fore. The President is a compassionate man. There are many indications that the plight of the hostages was constantly on his mind. He was under heavy pressure from hostage families and friends as well as the media to do something decisive about getting our people back. The only gambit showing any promise was the direct approach to Iran. These no doubt were the driving forces behind the decision to proceed, and they were strong enough to deflect attention away from the intense political sensitivity of an arms sale to Iran.

As the Iran talks advanced, I think the President found himself in yet another box. He could not tell the families what he was doing, but each hostage release, beginning with that of the Reverend Benjamin Weir, took off some of the heat. Backing out when Iran reneged on getting all the hostages out was not, therefore, the most attractive option. The President in any case still had no visible alternative to working with Iran, unless he was to abandon the hostages to indefinite cap-

(Continues on page 64)

KEMP'S SURPRISING VICTORY

THE STAKES were higher than usual at the Republican state convention held last month in Lansing, Michigan. Jack Kemp's organization in Michigan, which has been rapped for poor performance in the past, cut a series of deals with Pat Robertson's supporters in order to wrest control of the state party from Vice President Bush's supporters. Kemp's people pulled it off. The question is, Will the deals backfire?

Kemp did poorly in last August's precinct elections (the first tier of Michigan's three-tiered delegate-selection process), rounding up less than 20 per cent of the delegate support. In contrast, Robertson and Bush each got 40 to 45 per cent of the delegates. Yet Kemp walked away from this convention with at least eight of 18 district chairmanships, as well as perhaps 29 of the 101 seats on the Republican state committee, the party's rule-making body. Kemp forces managed this under a deal whereby Robertson delegates, most of whom are new to the political process, were told by their leaders to support Kemp district and state committee candidates, most of whom have been around a while, in return for the votes to secure national convention delegates for Robertson and allow a Kemp-Robertson coalition to dominate the convention. Robertson, going in with perhaps 45 per cent of the delegates, walked out of the state convention with at most four district chairmen and forty of the state-committee slots, leaving Bush perhaps six district chairmen and 32 state committeemen.

Both Bush and Kemp forces wooed the Robertson delegates, highly prized because it is assumed that Robertson will drop out of the race either before the national convention or in the early stages of it. As one Kempie said, "His

delegates will have to vote for someone."

In the weeks leading up to the state convention, the deal-making intensified. Clark Durant, chairman of Kemp's Michigan Opportunity Society (MOS), led the effort. He and his men were eager to forge what they called a "conservative alternative" to Bush, claiming a "natural philosophical alliance" between their supporters and Robertson's. Peter Secchia, Bush's co-chairman in Michigan, characterized the alliance as a "marriage of convenience." "The evangelical Christian movement is being manipulated by a small minority of people in the Kemp campaign," Secchia warned darkly. "The Kemp people are playing hardball. These are small groups of people plotting to abuse activists. They keep the issues that the Freedom Council cares about, like school-based sex clinics and condom advertising, all stirred up to keep them active, while they put their own guys in front."

The arrangement offered advantages for both Kemp and Robertson. Kemp's goal in Michigan is to keep Bush from taking the state, so that he doesn't pick up too much momentum before the campaign swings into high gear in Iowa and New Hampshire. "The Kemp organization is very impressive in New

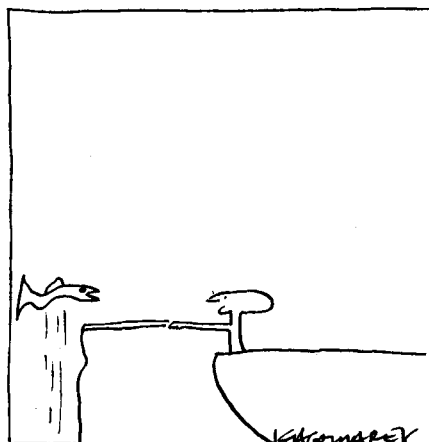
Hampshire, and he will do very well there," says Michael Legg, a Kemp supporter who chairs Michigan's 2nd District. "We just want to beat Bush in Michigan. It doesn't matter if Robertson or Kemp takes Michigan, and I'm sure they [Robertson supporters] feel the same way."

For its part, the Robertson campaign hoped to turn pluralities Robertson had in seven districts into majorities, so that Robertson and Kemp could divvy up the national delegates from those districts next year. David Walters, director of Robertson's MCFF (Michigan Committee for Freedom), sees the Kemp-Robertson alliance as a natural. "Bush has done a fine job, but Kemp and Robertson are further to the right, as are the grass-roots voters," explains Walters. "Our delegates work with other delegates to elect people with the same goals to county and district positions."

ONE KEMP candidate for a district chairmanship speculated that what the Robertson campaign really wants is credibility. "The MCFF people are doing this at least partly because they are afraid of a backlash against the fundamentalist Christian Right if they look too strong," he said. "They don't want to threaten the party regulars by taking over all their positions. Many of the Kemp people are old-timers in the party, and we share a bottom-line conservatism."

Michael Legg described the Robertson motivation bluntly: "They [the Robertson people] don't care about the district chairs now. They'll call in their chips a year from now. They care about the national delegates. Probably we'll send two Robertson delegates to the convention for every Kemp one we send. I know that going in."

There are some risks for Kemp in
(Continues on page 64)



"Hi! Looking for me?"

Miss Schiffren is a political reporter for the Detroit News.

helo



"My growing old is in remission."



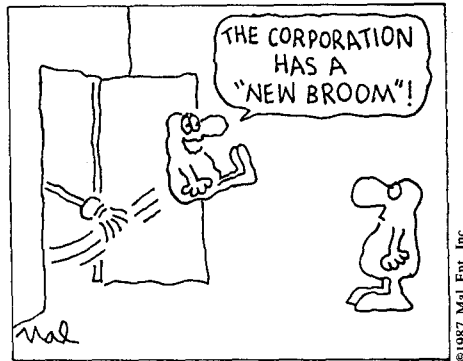
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Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, never what
The White Star liners were,
Has settled down on bottom ooze
As Democrats transfer
To something more titanic, where
The staterooms and the price
Reflect a lifestyle suitable
For racing through the ice.

W. H. VON DREELE



"LET ME JUST SAY, SIR, THAT WE'RE ALL GREAT FANS OF YOUR WORK—
PARTICULARLY IN 'SANDS OF GRENADA' AND 'BOMBS OVER TRIPOLI'—BUT
FRANKLY, WE DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DECIDED TO MAKE THIS TURKEY."



THE KOSHER MAJORITY

A FUNDAMENTALIST leader made the following observation during the 1984 presidential campaign:

The national Democratic Party has been taken over by our enemies: the wealthy and powerful anti-family radicals—including organized and militant homosexual and lesbian leaders and feminist extremists, . . . Marxist-revolution sympathizers, irreligious educators, and affluent, snobbish social engineers who despise virtually everything we stand for.

One almost involuntarily forms a mental image of the speaker: "Praise the Lord!"—a gentle Southern drawl and a white polyester suit.

A mistaken impression, this. The voice belongs to Avigdor Miller, a highly respected Orthodox rabbi and leader of Brooklyn's Congregation Bais Yisroel. Without fanfare, Orthodox Jewry has become a stronghold of conservative sentiment, particularly on social issues.

The Right has traditionally had a hard time attracting Jewish voters. In 1984, Ronald Reagan carried less than 40 per cent of the Jewish vote, despite the anti-Semitism of Jesse Jackson and the failure of the Democratic Party to repudiate him. But there is a kosher lining in this Hebraic cloud. In that same election, the most conservative President in memory carried 66 per cent of the vote in Brooklyn's heavily Hasidic Boro Park, while Yehuda Levin, a young Orthodox rabbi, ran a spirited campaign against ultra-liberal congressman Stephen Solarz.

Ironically, where secular Jews and the Right have the least in common—social issues—Orthodoxy and conservatism are in substantial accord. Moreover, on a broad range of social concerns, the Orthodox are becoming

increasingly active. Last spring, when New York City passed a hotly contested gay-rights ordinance, the principal opponents of the measure were the Archdiocese of New York and leaders of the city's Orthodox community.

Orthodoxy's appeal is growing. The resurgence is due both to demographics and to a spiritual renaissance within American Jewry. In the December 1985 issue of *Young Israel Viewpoint*, a prominent Orthodox publication, editor Yaakov Kornreich observes: "With the numerical growth of the Orthodox community, our leaders now have the opportunity and the inescapable responsibility to apply our Torah principles . . . to the broader spectrum of issues facing American society."

For Torah-observant Jews, child-bearing is a *mitzvah* (duty). Secular Jews intermarry, have abortions, and, on average, raise two children per household. Orthodox Jews often have large families, and their yeshiva-educated progeny stay faithful to tradition. The growth of Jewish day schools reflects this religious regeneration. In 1945 there were fewer than fifty such institutions. By 1983, 540 Jewish schools were educating 110,000 students.

Jews from non-observant families who return to Orthodoxy are called *baal teshuva*. These returnees are encouraged by Jerusalem's Ohr Sameah Yeshiva and outreach *yeshivot* in this country such as Chicago's Yigal Torah, which have trained thousands of

American Jews in the intricacies of Jewish theology and ritual observance. The process is also aided by the low-key proselytizing of the Lubavitcher Hasidic movement, which operates its *habad* houses at college campuses across the country. The convergence of these trends, sociologists predict, will give the Orthodox majority status among American Jews early in the next century.

Orthodoxy is traditionally the least political branch of Judaism—a habit from the ghetto days, when it was considered unwise to meddle in the affairs of Gentiles—but the growing number of the Orthodox is creating a new confidence. Like the once-dormant Protestant fundamentalists, the Orthodox have been animated primarily by moral issues.

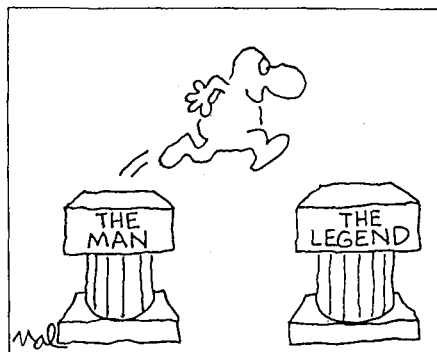
REACTING TO the suggestion that abortion is a "Catholic concern," Agudath Israel, a social-service organization, which acts as the lobbying arm of Orthodox Judaism, announced: "Jewish law teaches that all human life is sacred. The life of a fetus has status and dignity. Agudath Israel supports legislation that protects fetal life by restricting the availability of abortion on demand."

The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations (UOJC) adds that "abortion is not a private matter between a woman and her physician. . . . It infringes upon the most fundamental right of a third party—that of the unborn child. For Jews, fetal life is inviolate unless continuation of the pregnancy poses a serious threat to the life of the mother."

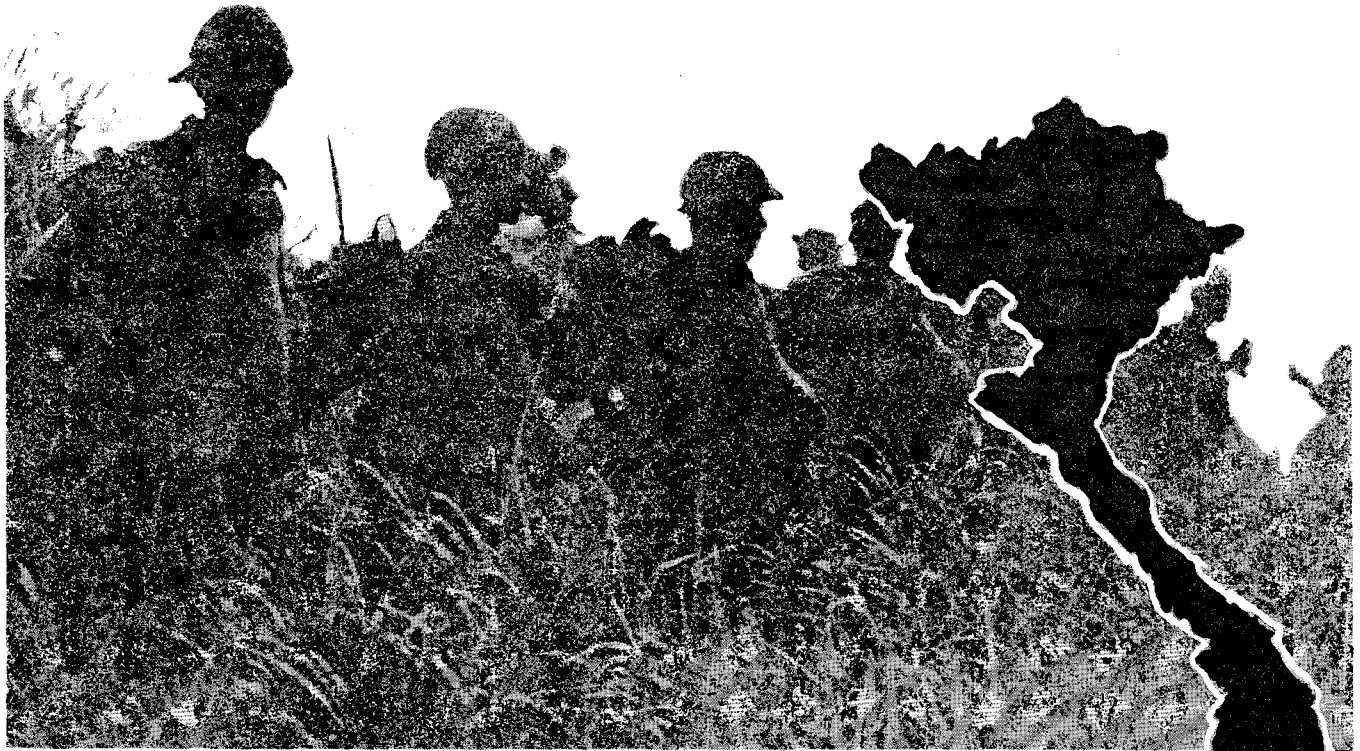
Long active in the anti-abortion movement, Rabbi Yehuda Levin was the Right-to-Life candidate for mayor of New York City in 1985.

While secular and Reform Jewish groups are outspoken in their opposition
(Continues on page 58)

Mr. Feder is a writer and syndicated columnist for the Boston Herald and a member of a traditional congregation in Dover, Massachusetts.



WHO BETRAYED THOSE WHO DIED IN VIETNAM?



James Reston of The New York Times has suggested that it was the reporters and cameramen who forced the withdrawal of American power from Southeast Asia.

Robert Elegant, who covered the Vietnam War for the L.A. Times, says that the fate of Vietnam was determined "on the printed page and the television screen."

Arnaud de Borchgrave, editor-in-chief of The Washington Times, says, "Disinformation played a key role in our defeat in Vietnam."

Reed Irvine, chairman of Accuracy in Media, says our military victory in the 1968 Tet Offensive, was transformed by our own media into a defeat, with tragic results.

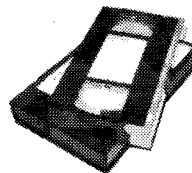
How this was done is graphically shown for the first time in **"Television's Vietnam: The Impact of Media."**



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3046

ABROAD

HARARE

White MPs, Adieu

Zimbabwe will celebrate its seventh birthday in April by eliminating the seats reserved for whites in the House of Assembly. That is when, under the terms of the 1979 agreement that gave the country independence, Parliament will be able to change its own composition, and Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's government has promised that the twenty statutory white seats will be the first thing to go. This would mean the end of the political activity of Zimbabwe's most famous white, Ian Smith. Smith, the premier of the country when it was called Rhodesia and subject to British responsibility, set up an independent government in 1965 and survived 15 years of boycotts and sanctions before bowing to the creation of a black-African state. Smith's recent advice to South Africans to resist world opinion in the same way brought a storm of criticism here; observers say this incident will hasten the total elimination of white representation in the government. There are also ten white senators in Zimbabwe's consultative upper house. Mugabe is said to have decided to do away with the senate completely, and also with the titular and ceremonial presidency.

LUANDA

Ally-Dumping?

Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev is known to believe that his government is spending too much on Third World programs, especially those that are not cost-effective. Reports received here now say he is dissatisfied with the performance of Angola's Marxist regime in its long and unsuccessful struggle to defeat anti-Communist rebel insurgents of the UNITA movement led by Jonas Savimbi. For 12 years the Angolan government, with the help of twenty to thirty thousand Cuban troops, has given ground to UNITA, while the country's agricultural production and social structures, developed by the Portuguese colonizers, crumbled into ruins. Savimbi now controls large sections of southern Angola and the economic trump card, the Benguela Railroad. Savimbi, who has had American support through the years, is now in possession of sophisticated U.S. weapons that pose a severe threat to government defenses. The Soviet ambassador in Luanda, Arnold Kalinin, is reported to be pushing Angolan President Eduardo dos Santos to step up Angola's recent feelers to the West for money and technical aid. Meanwhile, the Cubans are spreading rumors to the effect that dos Santos is incompetent and will soon be replaced.

BUCHAREST

Rambo as Subversive

Rambo is making his presence felt in Rumania as an anti-government force. His name is being scrawled on walls and his film cassettes are in heavy demand among the viewers of black-market VCRs in this most isolated and retrogressive Communist country. The limiting of television programming to two hours a day, and that devoted only to President Ceausescu's speeches, has pushed the population toward VCRs, which are supplied through underground systems using the large number of Middle Eastern

students in the Rumanian capital. Ceausescu, whose large family is prominently employed in top government positions, recently chose the opportunity of his seventieth birthday to denounce the Soviet Union and Hungary for "faithlessness" to Communist tenets.

REGGIO EMILIA

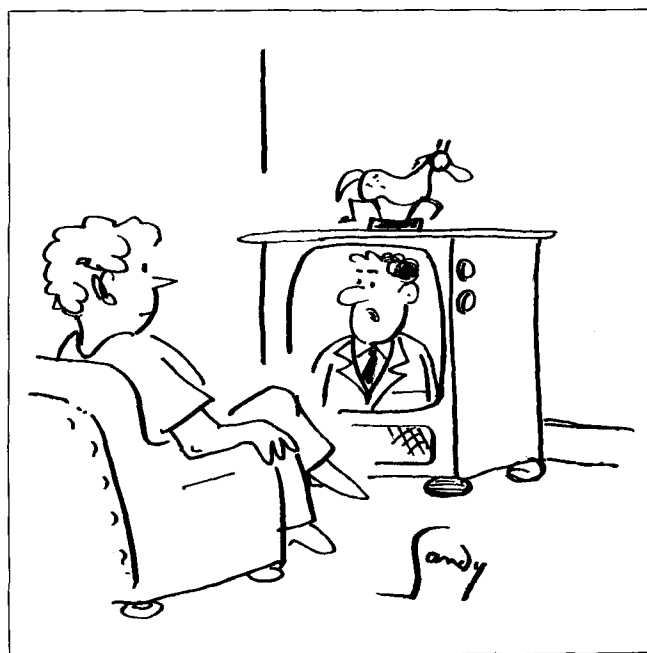
Abstinence

Bishop Gilberto Baroni of this prosperous central Italian city has a novel idea of what the faithful of his diocese ought to be giving up during Lent. "In these forty days," he says in a pastoral letter, "we should learn how to react to this epidemic of modern times called video addiction." This, the bishop explained, "is the mania of watching everything the television blares forth night and day with no respect for silence, tranquillity, infants, or children." He recommended prayer and "discipline of the senses" in its place, in order to let the mind and spirit rest and grow. Also on the list of episcopal proscriptions were idle and frequent visits to bars, day-long coffee drinking, smoking, and the eating of ice cream.

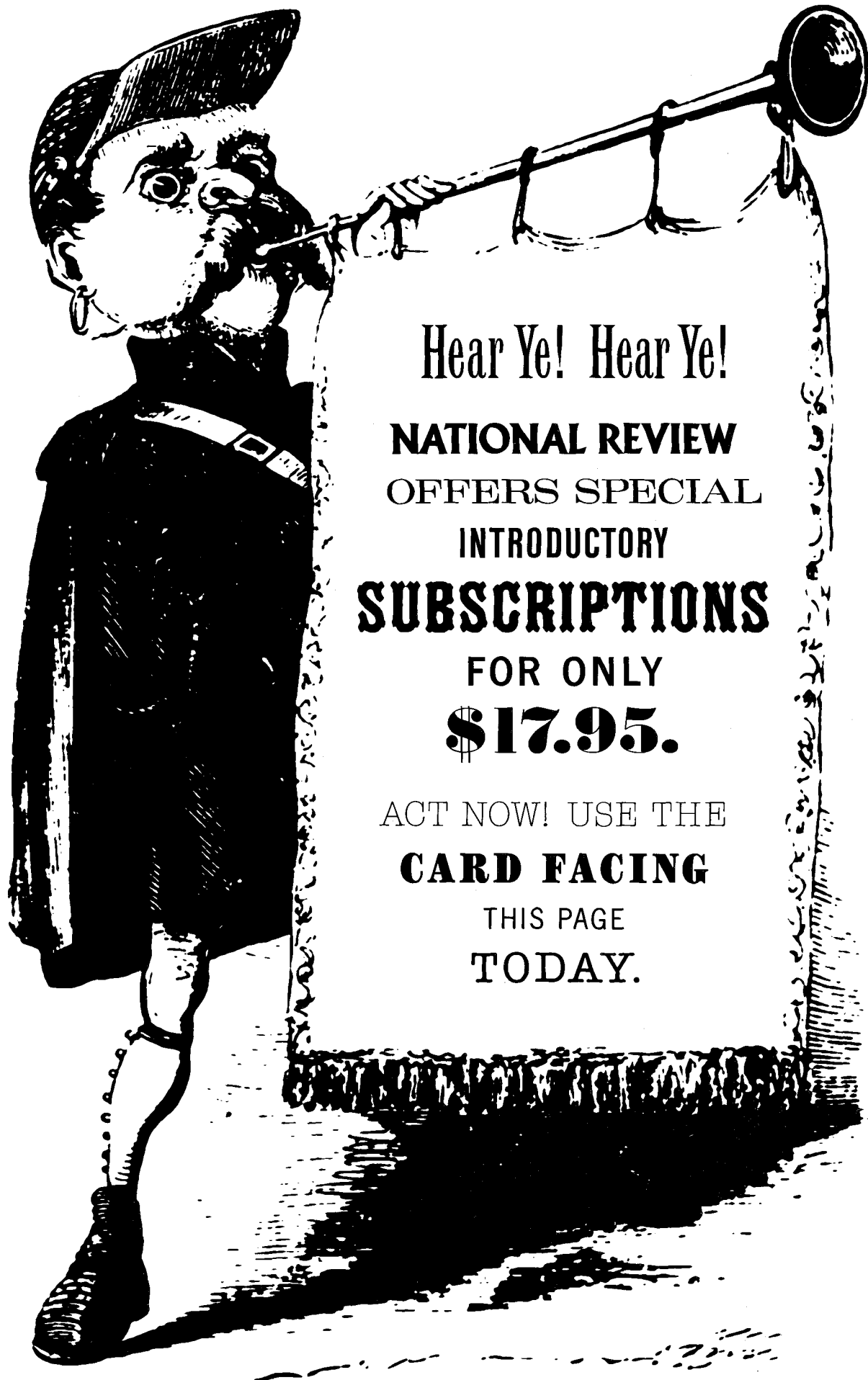
GUADALCANAL

Ex Litore Clamavi

Most people think of the giant clam of the South Pacific coral reefs as the nemesis of the pearl diver or the underwater explorer. Its huge shell snaps shut on a leg or an arm, and in a thrashing of bubbles the poor man drowns. Now it turns out that this beast is highly edible. Total meat from a single clam can amount to four hundred pounds. The mollusk also yields chemicals for medical and cosmetic uses, and its shell is a rich source of calcium. To protect the species, and to rationalize its harvesting, a clam nursery has been established here called the Coastal Aquacultural Center. In their spawning period, the clams can produce five billion eggs a day. In normal conditions however, nearly all the eggs are eaten before they hatch. The nursery hopes to raise large numbers and set them out on reefs at the age of 18 months, at which point they need no further care.



"We switch you to Charles Orvis in Capistrano, who is interviewing a swallow."



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TODAY.

NO-FAULT PROPHECY

THE NO-FAULT idea started with car insurance and was then extended to divorce and other unpleasantnesses in order to eliminate the awkwardness of personal accountability. One might say it started with Adam blaming Eve and Eve blaming the snake, but that would not be quite right. Adam and Eve acknowledged the fault but refused to accept the responsibility. The wondrously new thing is the assertion that there is no fault.

You might expect the churches to resist the no-fault idea. After all, they presumably specialize in sin and forgiveness. If there is no fault there is no sin, and if no sin no forgiveness, and the churches are soon out of business. But, in fact, many of our churches have long since gone out of the sin-and-forgiveness business. With respect to what used to be called the personal sins of the flesh, they are in the no-fault and acceptance business. Reference to sin is reserved for the "structural" and "systemic" sins of social injustice. And here the remedy is not forgiveness but "prophetic" denunciation and policy prescription. Being prophetic is a very big gold star in the kindergarten of contemporary religion. Back in the olden days of the Hebrew Scriptures, Yahweh had to take his prophets by the scruff of the neck and force them to do their duty. We have much improved on that. Today all our churches have career tracks in prophetic ministry, our seminaries have prophets with tenure, and the bureaucratically talented may aspire to becoming directors of departments of prophetic utterance. Amos never had it so good.

The really nice thing about the prophecy business today is that it is a no-fault enterprise. More precisely, the fault to be found and the sin to be confessed are dependably the fault and the sin of others. The professional prophet can be outrageously wrong in his predictions, and his policy prescrip-

tions can lead to disaster, but there is none to call *him* to account. Anyway, he has to get to work on the press release with tomorrow's prophetic pronouncement. Prophecy is an urgent task, and self-criticism must never be permitted to get in the way of criticizing those who really need it. Anyone who tries to get in the way had better be prepared for fiery blasts of prophetic denunciation.

George Weigel is prepared. He has just published a brilliant book with a daunting title, *Tranquillitas Ordinis: The Present Failure and Future Promise of American Catholic Thought on War and Peace* (Oxford). The book is about American Catholic thought on war and peace, but it is much more comprehensively about the role of religion in American public life. The "present failure" analyzed by Weigel is the failure of all the churches. In fact, he demonstrates that Roman Catholicism has in the last two decades largely imitated the failures of old-line Protestantism. Activists and archbishops alike have traded in a tradition of careful moral reasoning for the highs of prophetic heavy breathing. Weigel's hero is the late John Courtney Murray, a Jesuit who was in important ways the Roman Catholic counterpart to Reinhold Niebuhr. Both Murray and Niebuhr had a healthy respect for the sin of prophetic presumption. Both insisted that the Church must be critical of things as they are, but they also knew that the Church's criticism is itself under the higher criticism of transcendent judgment.

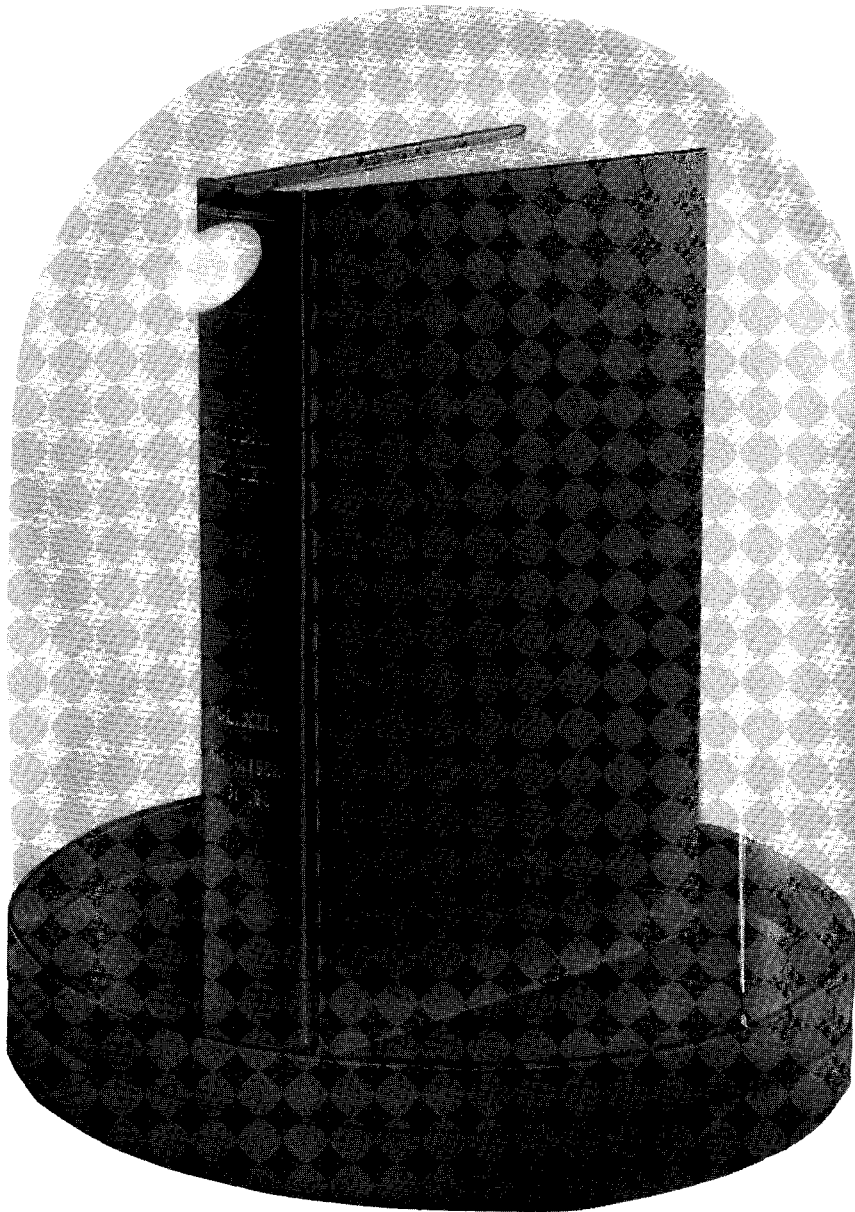
WEIGEL DISAGREES with those who say the Church is too politicized. On the contrary, he says, Christian thought must be "repoliticized." By this he means that we should respect the integrity of the political, which is the project of reason employed toward moral ends.

Christians, Left and Right, have a powerful propensity for "religionizing" politics by leaping with unseemly speed from Bible passage to policy prescription. They forget the wisdom of Martin Luther (not yet recognized as a Doctor of the Church by Roman Catholics) that it is better to be ruled by a wise Turk than by a stupid Christian. Politics is pre-eminently the sphere of reason, experience, and respect for consequences. Reason is more than merely technical reason; it is moral reason. Politics is, as Aristotle understood it, the reasonable deliberation of the question: How *ought* we to order our life together?

Contra aspiring theocrats on the Left and Right, Christians have no monopoly on political wisdom or morality. To judge from the activities of some of our churches, they may not even have their fair share. The Roman Catholic and other traditions—which, according to Weigel, have been largely abandoned—do have impressive resources for informing and elevating political discourse. Instead of informing and elevating political discourse, however, the churches have been bent upon influencing political decisions. They end up being pathetic appendages to partisanship already well established, thus bestowing an amen upon errors in conflict. Most ominously, Church leaders invite an identification of the Christian Gospel with specific political options, and, when those options disappoint, as they surely will, the Gospel is discredited in many eyes.

Politics is anything but a no-fault project. Political decisions have consequences, and political actors are responsible for those consequences. The hard work and risks of political reason cannot match in appeal the excitements and immunities of prophetic posturing. People like George Weigel are arguing against the grain. Were the term not so debased in current usage, we might even say they are being prophetic. □

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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH

David Evanier

Lillian Hellman, by William Wright (Simon & Schuster, 507 pp., \$18.95)

LILLIAN HELLMAN was the Stalinists' dreamgirl. A pathological liar, she became the exemplar of truth to liberal society. A physical coward, she played the bold heroine. Avaricious herself, she flayed American society for its "materialism." A despiser of liberals, she became the liberals' darling. She never really criticized the Soviets. Except Khrushchev, that is, whom she detested for questioning Stalin. In 1967 she finally admitted that Stalin had committed "sins." But she was not against sinning: During a 1966 trip to Moscow, she startled even her official Soviet hosts by telling a little story about Stalin's being asked by Averell Harriman to order his troops to behave when they entered Germany. She related with relish that Stalin had laughed and said he doubted "men who had been fighting for years could be kept from rape and loot."

She developed a "muscular," terse prose style, derivative of the Hemingway-Hammett school, that in its faked minimalism concealed almost everything, yet evoked cheers from the literati for its clean honesty. It was the perfect style for a high-toned liar.

What Miss Hellman accomplished

Christopher Buckley is the author of the best-seller The White House Mess, now available in Penguin paperback.

David Evanier is a novelist and literary critic living in New York City.

Jeffrey Meyers has written on Conrad in Fiction and the Colonial Experience, Married to Genius, and Homosexuality and Literature.

James W. Tuttleton is a professor of English at New York University.

with her life was not trivial. It was a massive con job that swept the country, leaving many victims in its wake. Wright describes his fear of what she could do to his book: "Hellman, when feeling besieged, could hurl lethal thunderbolts into various power centers, causing any manner of short circuits." He writes of "the cruelty, the bullyings, the attempts to get people fired, the discrediting falsehoods, the blackmailings." Most of Miss Hellman's greatest fame came when her dramatic abilities had ebbed and she began her series of memoirs. These had two intentions: 1) making Miss Hellman into the Pasionaria of American letters and 2) resurrecting the honor of American Communism while destroying the credibility of anti-Communist liberals.

Wright, whose previous work has not been in this league (standard books about Pavarotti and Claus von

Bülow), is fair-minded, judicious, compassionate, and objective. But when he's through, nothing is left. He has picked Lillian Hellman clean. Earlier demolitions of sections of the fraudulent memoirs had been done by Martha Gellhorn, Mary McCarthy, Sidney Hook, Irving Howe, Hilton Kramer, and Samuel McCracken. Wright finishes the job. "Julia" is simply the most disgraceful of all the Hellman cons: borrowing the real life of a brave American resistance fighter in Vienna (Muriel Gardiner Buttinger) to make herself look good (a mission to Nazi Berlin to deliver cash to "Julia"). There is startling new information about how Miss Hellman cheated the two daughters of Dashiell Hammett: She purchased the rights to Hammett's estate, which he had left to his daughters, for a pauper's payment (\$2,000), pretending she wanted to help the children, and kept the money it brought in—well over a quarter of a million dollars—for herself.

Miss Hellman's was a life of privilege, self-indulgence, no personal risks, constant fornication so frenetic it apparently included several lovers at a time (she betrayed Hammett—whom she betrayed her husband, Arthur Kober, for—many times over), and a Hollywood salary of \$2,500 a week by the age of thirty. The memoirs surely arose out of the loss of Hammett (whom she really loved in her way), the boredom of chasing after pretty young men in her unattractive old age, and the awareness of a life skirted. The result was a series of invented accounts of heroic forays in Loyalist Spain and Nazi Germany, of incredible courage, generosity, and virtue. And Miss Hellman was one fierce Stalinist. She left much of her \$4-million estate to a trust fund for "Marxist" scholars. Her hatred of America and



Michael Silberman

democracy—that fierce anger that endeared her to so many—extended to innumerable victims who came face to face with her, especially underlings. One author told Wright after her death, “I judge people by the number of corpses they leave behind, and Lillian left a lot of corpses.” Wright notes, “The numbers of such Hellman casualties, the walking wounded, were large.”

It is Wright’s achievement that Lillian Hellman becomes a palpable, furious, and genuinely disturbing presence in his biography. This is not a book without sympathy. He even sees her politics as a component of a kind of “emotional erraticism,” and he is to a degree correct. Miss Hellman’s Stalinism was clearly not out of reading Marx. It was part of her gut hatred; it was her reflex reaction to mankind. Discussing Miss Hellman’s politics, one “leading intellectual” said to Wright, “Don’t rule out idiocy. With Lillian it was fifty years of *schtick*.” And hate. Or “feistiness,” if you want to see it that way:

A Martha’s Vineyard charter fishing-boat captain, Jack Koontz, had for several years shared a boat with Hellman and had taken her fishing every Saturday . . . In her last year, when she was blind and extremely frail, Koontz had secured her in a chair when a speedboat approached to keep her from being knocked down by the wake. If the boat came close, Hellman would struggle to her feet, give the speedboat the finger and scream four-letter words. . . .

As another friend commented when told of her death, “She didn’t die, someone reached down from up there and grabbed her by the throat.”

The Left, no matter how much power it has attained in the media and in American cultural life, still feels the need to be victimized and besieged. John Hess wrote in *The Nation* of “necrophiles” who are “dedicated to exhuming and again destroying . . . martyrs. . . . A hack newly come to this métier is now urinating on the grave of Lillian Hellman. It is a vain and foolish as well as disgusting deed.” Hess was so upset he could not pronounce Wright’s name. He had reason to be angry: This new estimation of Lillian Hellman is one more nail in the coffin of the Left as a moral force.

Yet Wright bends over backward in his attempt to be fair. And at the end he almost falls flat. After he really

gets done with Miss Hellman, he proceeds to cover his tracks. He talks of “the creative feat” of the fake self-portrait Miss Hellman drew in the memoirs. Such a portrait requires “much torturous life experience and an ensuing catharsis . . . rare sensitivity . . . an original flair . . . a strong moral sense . . . a facility with words. . . . In fact, it requires many of the skills and sensibilities that make up a great fiction writer or dramatist.” In other words, when Miss Hellman claims she’s writing truthfully, she *really* becomes a creative writer. This is a shameful bow to the pressures Wright is all too aware of, and it briefly turns his sophistication into slickness and capitulation. And still he won’t get invited to some of the best parties any more.

Nevertheless, this is a fine and honest book overall. Its judgments and conclusions (except for that one lapse) are the inevitable ones, if objectivity and balance are to be the biographer’s mode. Miraculously, John Hess almost hit on something. After this book, it will be hard to exhume Lillian Hellman again. □

THE FIRST DISSIDENT

Joseph Sobran

Of Prisons and Ideas, by Milovan Djilas
(Harcourt Brace, 166 pp., \$17.95)

LET’S START with the main idea, for lack of anything better. Milovan Djilas believes that man needs a main idea above all things, and that, I guess, is the main idea of *Of Prisons and Ideas*. Djilas has been in prison three times, and it was because of his devotion to his idea—of freedom—that he was able to withstand isolation and torture, plenty of it. He doesn’t believe in absolute freedom, but he says he came closest to the sensation of it in prison, when the torturers couldn’t break him.

He is best known, of course, as the original dissident, the first man to openly defy a Communist regime—Tito’s, in Yugoslavia—and live to tell about it. This occurred when he realized that Communism wasn’t really the idea he had been spiritually devoted to all his life. He had made a mistake, though he didn’t realize it until he had

become a high official of the Communist regime he had fought to install.

He was sentenced to nine years in prison—the details are foggy in this account, which is an odd mix of memoir and meditation on those years. Djilas recalls, with distant affection, various prison officials, guards, and fellow inmates: “Murderers are the most tolerable, the most patient, and the most honorable part of the prison population,” and he preferred them to, say, embezzlers, “even though the latter were better educated and more intellectually inclined.” He tells colorful stories of old prison mates, like Zivovrad Cokic, a wily peasant, who lived by a simple philosophy: “A man can’t be honest all the time anyhow.” He was an accomplice to a murder, of sorts: of a bullying Party official.

An atheist, Djilas still respects religion and has his own mystical side. He had frequent visions of his two dead brothers, who used to come to his cell to console him.

His mind is maddeningly abstract. He still calls himself a “democratic socialist”—don’t we all?—but this turns out to mean that he believes in an “open society” and “free ownership.” One chapter is devoted to exploding “the myth of social property,” the fiction by which Communist bureaucracy appropriates on behalf of the well connected, creating “the new class.”

One doesn’t know whether to be more surprised that this incurable idealist noticed the facts of life, or that he rose as far as he did in a system so uncongenial to his natural, slightly pixilated nobility. Ever the dialectician, he deems “social property” the “principal rampart, both ideological and practical, of [Communist] violence and exploitation.”

He likewise disputes the idea of a “just reward.” He asks: “How can a reward be just when the very determination of the compensation is hierarchical, when all decisions are made by higher authorities? Could every last one of those who manage and rule be so unselfish and wise as to determine unfailingly a true measure of compensation?” He concludes that the only fair measure of the value of work is the marketplace.

Even so, he doesn’t completely turn his back on Communism. He grants that it constitutes “the most all-encompassing tyranny of modern times,” but yet it inspires people to suffer

RANDOM NOTES

□ COMING IN APRIL: *Submarine Warfare: Today and Tomorrow* (Adler & Adler, \$22.95), by John E. Moore and Richard Compton-Hall, is a work of breadth, sophistication, and detail. Arguing that there is no area of geostrategic thinking where it is more crucial "to determine the facts and discard the abundant fictions" than submarine warfare, the authors present a good deal of history, along with a survey of underwater fleets around the world and a wide-ranging explication of the importance of sub warfare in geopolitical strategy.

Nixon: The Education of a Politician, 1913-1962 (Simon & Schuster, \$22.95), by Stephen E. Ambrose, is the first installment of a two-volume biography of "the most successful Vice President" of the twentieth century. Volume I carries its subject from his boyhood to defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial election.

The Launching of Modern American

Science 1846-1876 (Knopf, \$30), by Robert V. Bruce, is a fresh and interesting account of the dramatic growth of scientific research and accomplishment in this country, from its surprisingly belated beginnings. (Until roughly the 1880s, astronomy in the U.S. was mainly a means of determining latitude and longitude, time, and tidal movement.)

□ MORE MAY TITLES: Paul Johnson's *A History of the Jews* (Harper & Row, \$25) is an interesting volume, focusing on the relationship between the Jewish people and others over four thousand years.

In *No More Heroes: Madness and Psychiatry in War* (Hill & Wang, \$17.95) Richard A. Gabriel argues that the horrors of future warfare will cause psychological breakdown in soldiers to such a degree that they will need to be doped to go into combat—in his phrase, "made insane" in order to fight—from which enterprise they will return "a mob of bedraggled, maimed madmen." (According to Gabriel, the Defense Department is currently sponsoring research into a drug that will banish fear.) —CW

"inconceivable torture," and it "has meant and continues to mean a more rational and even freer system for the majority of the hopeless and the defenseless." His point is not that it keeps its promise, but merely that it makes a promise. For the sake of those who believe in it the way he did, he won't disown it.

In this he reminds one of Blake's dictum, "Everything that is possible to be believed is an image of truth." Whatever men are willing to die for deserves a certain honor: "Though the idea is distinct from individuals, it is only when an individual identifies with it and when it becomes that individual's passion, suffering, and heroism that it takes on an invincibly vital credibility." Whittaker Chambers would understand.

Djilas observes that ideologies, defined as "politics as science," are on the decline, albeit a convulsive decline, and that "religion as politics" is replacing them. He cites militant Islam; he might have mentioned "liberation theology," Marxism as theological rather than scientific socialism. He thinks that both religion and science lose their integrity when politicized.

He makes many such acute remarks, though the reflections that follow them up aren't satisfying. The reader gets only flashes, not sustained thought. But the flashes have authority: "Killing and 're-education' are most frequently car-

ried out in conjunction. Torturers and executioners regard it as a crowning touch if they can finish off a victim as a penitent or coward. The weakness of the tortured is the torturer's delight." He says such things without bitterness, but you know how he learned them.

The book is short, disconnected, miscellaneous, strangely unemotional. What gives it a kind of coherence is



that it's the unconscious self-revelation of a heroic man who is too serious about what he's saying to notice himself, except as a specimen of his times. The other prisoners might have written some interesting memoirs of him. □

CONSTITUTIONAL ARROGANCE

Christopher Buckley

Reckless Disregard, by Renata Adler (Knopf, 243 pp., \$16.95)

ONE WONDERED, years ago, hearing that Renata Adler had gone off to Yale Law School—why? With this remarkably intelligent and important book, curiosity evaporates and gratitude sets in. Gratitude because she brings to her coverage and analysis of *Westmoreland v. CBS* and *Sharon v. Time* the authority of the trained lawyer. That, added to her recognized skills as novelist and essayist, makes *Reckless Disregard* both fascinating reading and a formidable indictment.

Miss Adler's confluence of talent was well suited to these two trials, which, as she notes, "brought together, in an almost astrological configuration, four immense and powerful constellations within the American system: the courts; the military; the lawyers; and the press." One comes away from the book utterly dismayed by the latter two, and admiring of the first. The military falls somewhere in between.

By now the background of the cases is well known. CBS broadcast a ninety-minute documentary in early 1982 stating that during the Vietnam War there had been a "conspiracy at the highest levels of American military intelligence," orchestrated by General William C. Westmoreland, "to suppress and alter critical intelligence on the enemy." The idea was that the commander of U.S. forces there wanted the enemy's strength underestimated so as to convince LBJ, the Joint Chiefs, and Congress that we were winning the war, when in fact we were losing it. Under grilling by Mike Wallace, that deft Torquemada of American TV journalism, Westmoreland fell apart and seemed guilty as charged.

About a year later, *Time* magazine ran a paragraph in its cover story on the massacre of hundreds of ref-

ugees at the Sabra and Shatila camps in Beirut saying that General Ariel Sharon had "reportedly discussed with the Gemayels the need for the Phalangists to take revenge for the assassination of Bashir [Gemayel]." This damning intelligence was supposedly contained in an appendix to a classified Israeli-government report on the massacre.

CBS and Westmoreland settled before the case went to the jury; the jury in the other case found *Time* guilty of publishing a falsity, as well as of negligence and carelessness, but innocent of actual malice.

This is a terribly depressing book, because it documents, with the precision of a Swiss watchmaker, the tragic arrogance of two great news organizations in the face of two instances of their own intellectual and ethical transgressions.

That's the bad news. "There was," however,

more than one sense in which Sharon's suit and Westmoreland's became, paradoxically, one of the best things that could happen to the American press. Neither suit should ever have been brought. Once brought, neither suit should have been so aggressively defended. Because neither the ninety minutes nor the paragraph should have been broadcast or published, either. Whether it was Cravath [Swaine and Moore, the law firm defending both CBS and *Time*], or the press defendants, or some unexamined, combative folly the clients and their law firm embarked upon together, the refusal to acknowledge, or even to consider, the possibility of human error caused both CBS and *Time* and their attorneys to spare no expense, and experience, apparently, no doubt or scruple, in transforming both suits into a contest not of mistakes but of legal and journalistic shams.

Why can't the press do what it so often demands that the other estates do, namely, admit that it made a mistake? Retractions, dragged from it kicking and screaming, seem to be viewed as admissions of institutional fallibility. But shouldn't such admissions be seen as a sign of strength, not weakness? (Answer: Yes, dammit.)

CBS's and *Time*'s behavior is all the more saddening because they *knew* they were wrong; indeed, Miss Adler credits both, *Time* especially, with near-exemplary ethical and professional concern over the two stories—up to and including the moment they hit the stands and the tube. Unfortunately,

"*Time* assumed so aggressive a strategy in the litigation that it tried to conceal its own, earlier, praiseworthy acknowledgment of fallibility, and thereby raised serious questions about the honesty of its witnesses." In the end, it stood by its story—another bit of press phraseology permanently blackened by these two suits—"on no firmer basis than a kind of institutional solidarity [and] a relatively unexamined conception of the interests of journalism and the Constitution."

The defendants are no less admirable in person than they are in principle. David Halevy, the *Time* reporter who supplied the erroneous scoop, emerges as an entirely unsatisfactory

person: mendacious, evasive, self-righteous. George Crile, the producer of the CBS program, seems to view editing as a surrealist art, grafting answers to one question onto other questions; coaching his interviewees as if he were a Hollywood director; even secretly taping phone conversations with Robert McNamara, Maxwell Taylor, and others. At times the escapades of these two read like *The Front Page* rewritten by Ionesco.

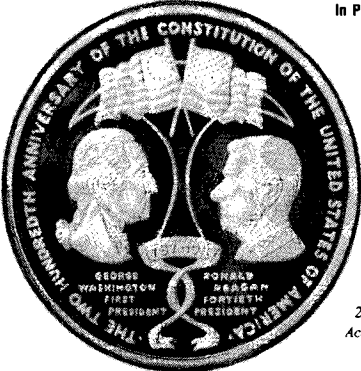
But almost all the witnesses for the press seemed to believe they were

a class apart, by turns lofty, combative, sullen, lame, condescending, speciously pedantic, but above all socially and, as it were, constitutionally arrogant, in a

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P U T N A M M I N T

surprisingly unintelligent and uneducated way. Who *are* these people? is a question that would occur almost constantly to anyone upon reading or hearing the style and substance of their testimony. And why do they consider themselves entirely above the rules? . . . Above all, the journalists, as witnesses, looked like people whose mind it had never crossed to be ashamed.

And there you have it: constitutional arrogance. The First Amendment as Automatic Immunity from the consequences of professional irresponsibility. Well, Miss Adler, whose standards of thought are rather more rigorous than those of Messrs. Halevy, Crile, et al., includes a nice section on something that antedated the First Amendment. It is—still—called the Ninth Commandment, and it enjoins us not to bear false witness against our neighbor. Moreover, she argues, citing Professor Owen Fiss of the Yale Law School, that

the scale of the contemporary media has created a condition, never contemplated in the Constitution, in which the two freedoms, of speech and of the press, may actually be at odds. When journalism brings to bear the whole technology of dissemination, backed at every point by the whole arsenal of litigating strategies, the speech of all but the most powerful is, to all intents and purposes, suppressed.

It is ironic that both *Time* and CBS sought to suppress this book, most of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*; and a tribute to it. Speaking of irony, Renata Adler and her publisher had the wit to include on the jacket a quote from a review by *Time* of one of her previous books. It compares her to Orwell and goes on to cite her "gyroscopic balance" and "quiet irony." Nicely put, guys. □

DREISER IN OUR TIME

James W. Tuttleton

Theodore Dreiser: At the Gates of the City, 1871-1907, by Richard Lingeman (Putnam, 478 pp., \$22.95)

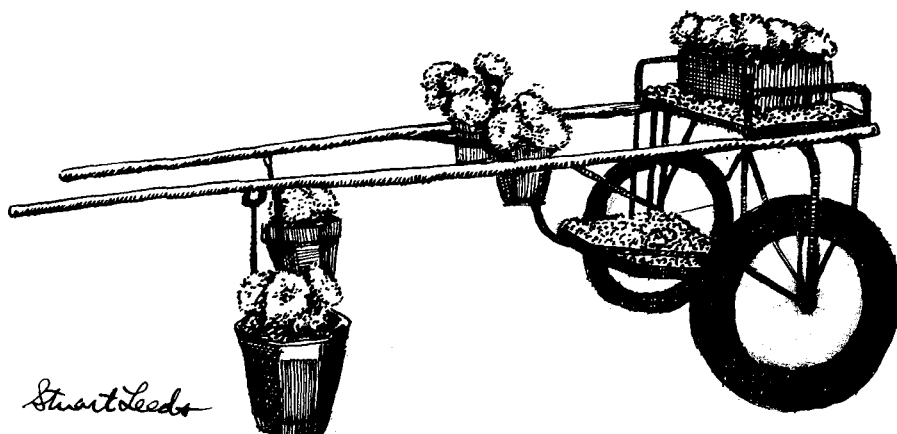
IN THIS first volume of a projected two-volume biography, Richard Lingeman recounts the early life of Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser's place in an impoverished, emotionally disorganized, and sexually unstable family of German-immigrant Catholics, his patchwork schooling, his sex-obsessed adolescence, and his potpourri of odd-job experiences leading up to a career as a journalist are here detailed in easily readable but figuratively overwrought prose. The volume ends with Dreiser's composition of *Sister Carrie* (1900), its indifferent reception, and Dreiser's nervous breakdown, culminating in literary paralysis. The second volume will cover Dreiser's later career as the author of *Jennie Gerhardt*, the Cowperwood trilogy, and (most memorably) *An American Tragedy*.

Of course, a great deal is already known about the novelist's youth and apprenticeship, partly because Dreiser had a compulsion to elaborate his own life in fanciful autobiographies, and partly because some excellent biographers (Elias, Swanberg, and Moers) have preceded Lingeman in the field. But recent publications like Dreiser's notebooks and the unexpurgated version of *Sister Carrie*, as well as plans to bring out the previously unpublished novel *An Amateur Laborer*, make it timely to reconsider the writer. Does a new Dreiser emerge from Mr. Lingeman's pages? Let me say immediately that the answer is no.

Lingeman's Dreiser is the familiar awkward, gawky boy, crazy about clothes, who dreamed of bold sexual conquests and intended to become one of "the real rulers of the world." These he identified as millionaires, bankers, executives, and artists—men whose power, wealth, and fame, he said, lashed him "like whips and goads." But the sexual escapades of his sisters, the chronic poverty and the social ostracism felt by the family, the menial odd jobs he drifted among, and a wasted year at Indiana University in the 1890s conspired against Dreiser's fantasies, though they did provide him with the materials for some of his most effective fiction.

Of principal importance during this period of Dreiser's life is his apprenticeship in journalism, which confirmed him in bad writing habits; his discovery of Balzac; and his improbable marriage to Sara White, a pious Methodist schoolmarm who found his sex-driven imagination alternately appealing and appalling. Once established in the magazine game, Dreiser launched his novelistic career in 1900 with *Sister Carrie*. It is a powerful study that attributes to blind forces the acting success of the unimaginative but yearning Carrie Meeber and the decline into poverty and suicide of Hurstwood, the manager of "a truly swell saloon."

In after years Dreiser was to create out of the publication details of this novel a myth of Genteel Era victimization. As Dreiser told the story, the publishers Doubleday and Page, after accepting it, refused to publish the "immoral book," suppressed it once they had published it, and conspired with reviewers to have it ignored. The facts, of course, don't confirm Dreiser's myth of genius repressed. The book was decently reviewed but sold poorly because it was widely regarded as dreary and lacking in moral uplift. What is true is that Dreiser went into a profound depression, separated from his wife, hit the skids like Hurstwood, and ended up for a time as a manual laborer. As he put it in *An Amateur Laborer*, the novel he started in 1903 but was unable to finish, "I was a writer, but now my power to write was taken away from me. I found myself bereft of the power of earning a living with my mind and was compelled to turn to my hands." Dreiser's foray into the world of blue-collar



labor was alleviated only by his buying the plates and copies of *Carrie*, finding another publisher, and reissuing the novel to the acclaim it eventually received. Dreiser's own account implies that, although literary truth and artistic power were temporarily defeated by the forces of pious American gentility, the greatness of the book could not be suppressed forever, and it became recognized as the classic we now know it to be.

Lingeman's biography is useful in destroying the vestiges of this Dreiserian myth. But in his sympathy for the underclass and his readiness to attribute most of the Dreiser family's failures to the business culture of the time, this biography is such as we might have expected from the executive editor of *The Nation*. This work thus takes its place among the perennial left-wing attempts to beatify Dreiser as the saintly voice of the new immigrant class in its battle against "ruthless businessmen and exclusive social elites." But it will not do to sentimentalize Dreiser's story as he himself did or to buy into his ill-informed, crudely Darwinian, and incoherently Marxist view of capital and labor.

The fact is that Dreiser was a poignantly inconsistent novelist whose impressive capacity to feel the shame and humiliation of his characters and to represent their inarticulate yearnings is continually vitiated by a crudity of psychology and a pervasive clumsiness of style that have led to his being called the world's worst great writer. Alas, some of this clumsiness has rubbed off on Mr. Lingeman:

In 1884 Chicago was bursting with new arrivals like an overripe melon. . . . Great grain elevators towered over the tangled ganglia of tracks, and factory chimneys belched black smoke, the votive incense of prosperity. . . . On the dirty, noisome Chicago River, intestine of the city's wastes, a fleet of barges and scows hauled coal and produce. The vibrant hum of commerce, the promise of fortunes to be made, hung in the air.

As we move further away from Dreiser's doctrinaire naturalism—with its denial of ethical responsibility for one's thoughts and actions—and away from the indiscriminate Marxism that seduced him, we are left with the question of his novels as works of the literary art. And judged by the canons of art, Dreiser's stature declines year by year. This fact, of course, will not

prevent the tendentious and sentimental from continuing to inflate his importance. □

DEPRESSION

Jeffrey Meyers

The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad, Volume II: 1898-1902, edited by Frederick Karl and Laurence Davies (Cambridge, 483 pp., \$44.50)

D. H. LAWRENCE criticized Conrad's pessimism, his belief that "in this world—as I have known it—we are made to suffer without the shadow of a reason, of a cause, or of a guilt." When I asked a Polish scholar if he thought it true, as Conrad said in *Heart of Darkness*, that "We live, as we dream—alone," he bitterly replied: "For Poles, it is true!" Conrad lamented that "the strain of national worry has weakened the moral fiber" of the Poles, and that his typically "ineradicable tendency to quarrel with fate" condemned him "always to struggle with a moral horror of some sort."

The Spanish-American War and the Boer War were fought during the years covered in this handsomely printed and superbly edited volume; and Conrad, age 41-45, wrote "Youth," "Typhoon," and *Lord Jim*. He corresponded with Crane, Galsworthy, Wells, Edward Garnett, Cunninghame Graham, and his sometime collaborator Ford Madox Ford, with whom he fatally compromised aesthetic for commercial considerations. He suffered several accidents and crises: the burning of the manuscript of "The End of the Tether" when an oil lamp exploded, the constant pressure of old debts, the serious illness of his infant son, the murder of a friend's son, and the death of his friend Stephen Crane. Even the wrenching dismissal of a maid caused "a melancholy shrillness like the screams of sea gulls."

Isolated in the country with an uneducated wife and a new baby ("a fascinating barbarian full of charming wiles and of pitiless selfishness"), Conrad, like most modern writers, was lonely and desperately eager for company. He found writing an uninterrupted agony of effort, and expressed the same anguish as Kafka. But his obsessive jeremiads were less an expres-

sion of self-pity than a plea for sympathy. To his constitutional melancholy was added "the black disease of writers." He compared the impossible effort to snare and shape the invisible to contending with an irresistible march of black beetles. Lonely as a mole, he was condemned to "dig without end or pause, without ever seeing the light." The exhausting effort left him, like a wounded animal, bruised, sore, and humiliated. He emphasized the futility of his work and confessed that in a "working day of 8 hours I write 3 sentences, which I erase before leaving the table in despair." He lost his "reckoning" in a grey sea of words and was profoundly discouraged "by a sunless, starless sort of mental solitude." When he failed to produce the work he had been paid in advance for, he felt like a common swindler. When his books finally appeared, they seemed to drop "like a stone into water. A small ripple—gone for ever." He enjoyed the admiration of his peers, but did not achieve popularity until the publication of *Chance* in 1913.

Like Lawrence, Joyce, Pound, and Wyndham Lewis, Conrad was often destitute and wrote many dull letters

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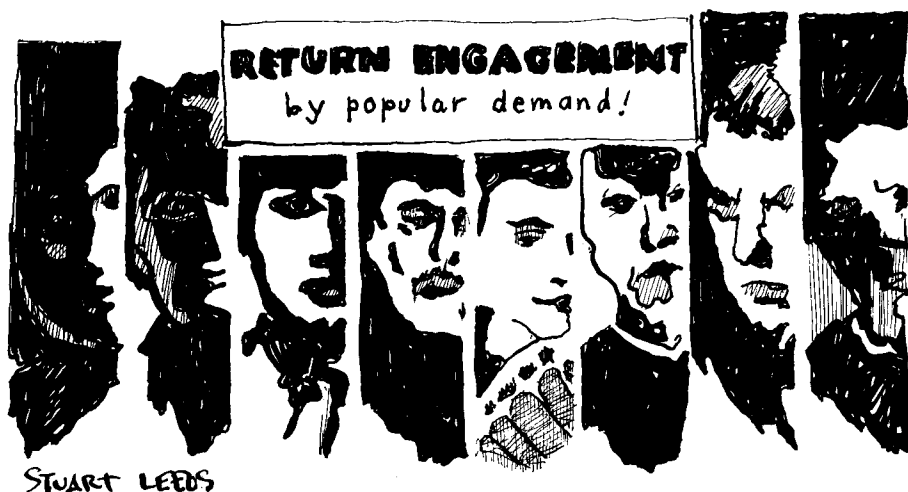
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about money to agents, editors, and publishers. He was a good-hearted and generous friend whose correspondence oscillated between formality and flattery. The old salt, like Shaw's Captain Shotover, liked to use nautical terms in everyday life. He was shrewd about his friends' work, called Wells a "Realist of the Fantastic" and spoke of the phosphorescent trail left behind by James's ghost story, "The Turn of the Screw." Conrad was deprecating about his own fiction, called "Amy Foster" a dismal story ("Idea: the essential difference of the [Polish and English] races"), and reduced the complexity of *Heart of Darkness* to a "wild story of a journalist who becomes manager of a station in the interior [of the Congo], makes himself worshipped by a tribe of savages," and goes mad in the center of Africa. In all his works Conrad tried, in the light of the final incident, to make "the whole story in all its descriptive detail fall into place—acquire its value and its significance."

The most revealing—and self-reflective—passage in the *Letters* describes his father, an idealistic and embittered poet and revolutionary, who was the model for Axel Heyst's remote and cynical father in *Victory*: "A man of great sensibilities; of exalted and dreamy temperament; with a terrible gift of irony and of gloomy disposition. . . . His aspect was distinguished; his conversation very fascinating; his face in repose somber, lighted all over when he smiled. For the last two years of his life I lived alone with him" in Russian exile. Despite his inherited gloom, Conrad was well aware of his literary achievement and confidently claimed that he had "proved to the English that a gentleman from the

[Polish] Ukraine can be as good a sailor as they, and has something to tell them in their own language." □

FILM

SOUNDING TIN

John Simon

IT is interesting to note about recent American movies how few of them make sense. This is especially true of thrillers, though by no means limited to them. Even in a mystery, however, where the plot may be several jumps ahead of the spectators, everything should make some kind of sense while it is happening, and all must fall into place in the end. Logic can be stretched in various ways but cannot be dispensed with entirely, and intelligent plotting used to be expected from a movie like syntax from a sentence.

Suddenly, everything is changed. Motivation is as obsolete as the hoop skirt: It no longer matters why a character does something provided it is splashy, violent, or cute. A sprinter may wear a top hat as long as, at the finish line, he produces a rabbit from it. Or even if he doesn't. In the current *Black Widow*, for instance, we are asked to believe that a humble Justice Department employee, following a hunch, will sell her apartment, car, and other possessions to track a killer to Hawaii at her own expense when the department is not interested in pursuing the case. Again, in *Dead of Winter* . . . but forget it: Nothing in *Dead of Winter* makes the slightest bit of sense. And now we have *Angel*

Heart, a film by Alan Parker based on a novel by William Hjortsberg, *Falling Angel*, said to be charming by those who have read it. The film, functioning as a private-eye thriller on one level and as a supernatural horror story on another, falls apart in both.

There was much concern in the media a while ago about cocaine addiction among some Hollywood filmmakers and actors, and its possible ill effects on their movies; but what is that compared to an audience that, whether or not under the influence of drugs, has lost all concern for continuity, credibility, rationality? *Credo quia absurdum*, the daring paradox attributed to Tertullian, might as well, in today's cinemas, be the legend on the typical moviegoer's T-shirt. Notice the variety of audience techniques for ignoring the details of the movie: talking, eating, drinking alcoholic beverages, smoking pot, fidgeting madly in the seats, and going out for short periods (often repeatedly) to indulge in who knows what activities. Who's trying to make sense?

This is why a film that makes nominal sense can promptly elicit critical acclaim, even if, viewed more scrupulously, it reveals a flagrant lack of psychological, moral, or philosophical grasp. I have in mind *Tin Men* by Barry Levinson, whose *Diner* (1982) was a film of modest virtues, intermittent honesty, and some few characters—not all—that you could feel sympathy for. The locale was Levinson's youthful, 1959 Baltimore—a city so seedy as to be grimly photogenic—with the main focus on a diner where a bunch of lower-middle-class friends in their early twenties congregated to eat and joke, and then go forth on their humdrum or sordid trajectories.

After two typical Hollywood movies, including the highly denatured *The Natural*, Levinson returns to his native Baltimore with *Tin Men*, but now, in 1963, the fellows (not literally the same ones) are quite a bit older, yet every bit as footling and feckless. The eponymous tin men, as they call themselves, are aluminum-siding salesmen who use a variety of scams to induce pathetic wives and drab husbands to turn their dreadful little houses into dreadful little houses with aluminum siding. The documentary aspects of the movie, showing the methods of hoodwinking and mulcting abject victims, have a cruelly sardonic bite; the meal-

time conversations of the salesmen, mostly in diners, have a different—folksy or TV-bred—but equally authentic humor. Unfortunately, there is also a story.

Bill "BB" Babowski is a supersalesman for one aluminum-siding company, and just about to take his new, as yet unpaid-for, blue Cadillac for its first spin when Ernest Tilley, a less apt salesman for a rival company, rams the maw of his yellow Caddie into the blue one's tail. Fins are dented, and the fur is flying. These amphibian-looking, chrome-fanged monsters are the salesmen's status symbols and selling tools; whoever dents them steals more than their owners' honor—their purse. Pretty soon BB and Tilley are in full, escalating vendetta, the cars getting more and more vandalized. Finally, to total Tilley, BB steals his pretty, love-starved, naïve wife, Nora. Barely has he had her before he jumps out of bed to phone the news to her husband. Tilley gloats and says, in effect, good riddance; BB, who doesn't really want her, is stuck with his booby prize.

Then the Maryland Home Improvement Commission starts investigating, and forthwith BB loses his license; Tilley, who also owes back taxes, his house and car as well. Nora, despite a sad attempt at independence, becomes a ball batted around by the men. But these two, down on their luck, end up as pals. They will go with the anti-Caddie flow and start a Volkswagen agency; Nora will marry BB; who knows, they might become quite a threesome. So, in the end, the film loses all moral perspective. The guys are just overgrown little boys, and the woman, for whose destiny they once actually shoot pool, their sweetly confused playmate. It may not be the best of all possible worlds, but, if worms can turn into teddy bears bathed in affection, not such a bad one, either.

I beg to differ. If the men's sleaziness is mitigated only by their sleazy humor, exculpating them strikes me as swinish. A further problem is the casting. Richard Dreyfuss is perfect as BB: arrogant, slimy, dressed with vaguely gangsterish nattiness, fast-talking and unfeeling—a poor man's Paul Newman. But, as Tilley, Danny De Vito is no real antagonist: dwarfish, balding, blob-faced—a mean-spirited bantam chicken trying to blow itself up into a turkey cock. And full-grown, full-blown Bar-

bara Hershey is no believable mate for him. Perhaps they should have changed the scale: How about De Vito, Linda Hunt, and Wallace Shawn?

Yet even in this no-contest situation, some credibility would be required. That BB falls reluctantly for Nora is all very well, but more is needed than his tongue-tied wooing in a drenching rain to win her back. That Ernest Tilley ends up missing his Nora a bit—though not as much as his IRS-confiscated goods—does not endear him much, either. Even Nora's affection for her gewgaws and garish furniture is not enough of a humanizing factor. Ellen Barkin, less sexy but a better actress, was able to do much more for a similar role in *Diner*; but, then, *Diner* was better, too.

Once again, the externals are well captured. We are immersed in the dreariness of 1963 Baltimore: the grimy, stifling hall where the commission investigates sweaty salesmen; the empty lot in which the stricken Tilley spends a night in his car and remains unredeemed by an ashen dawn; the various eateries, plain and fancy, but insipid either way—these and their likes are real enough. And those tin men, with their inexhaustible banter and inexorable sales spiels, their semi-gloating, semi-sympathetic kibitzing as BB and Tilley indulge in craven but ingenious mutual humiliations; the glutinous rancor of the Tilley marriage and BB's tawdry Don Juanism with hordes of frayed women—these things too are faithfully rendered.

What Levinson lacks is what used to be the strength of the old-time European filmmakers: the ability to find the dignity, the true pathos in the puny and sordid. There was the quirky code of honor in the louse, the hint of Dulcinea in Doll Tearsheet. It was moving rather than sentimental; not

shining, with a sudden halo, but flickering with an unquenchable aura. There was something of the fable about it; *Tin Men* is merely a *fabliau*.

But even that, I suppose, is better than a mess like *Angel Heart*, where the insufferably pretentious and hollow screenwriter/director Alan Parker showers us with every kind of natural and supernatural effect, with every conceivable form of violence, carnality, demonism, and vice, the whole lot couched in an artiness that merely makes it more ludicrous. About the only thing worth noticing here is the color cinematography of Michael Sersin, which, though it does call too much attention to itself, is imposing without being crushing, as Conrad Hall, for example, makes his fashion-magazine photography for *Black Widow*. Still, though it would mean sacrificing all that seeping, dripping, pouring blood with which it is incarnadined, *Angel Heart* would look better in black and white. Or just in black. □

SOUND ON DISC

HAYDN, BEETHOVEN & OLD INSTRUMENTS

Ralph de Toledano

GIVEN THE current rate of artistic productivity, it is hard to realize that at one point in his life Franz Joseph Haydn was turning out three symphonies a year, plus a profusion of other music. For the past decades, scholars and musicologists have been slowly working their way through this overwhelming output—editing, publishing, and casting aside compositions ascribed to him by unscrupulous publish-

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ers in the past. As a result, Haydn has emerged as far more than the pleasant precursor of Mozart and Beethoven—rather, as a composer of towering sensibilities who exploded the limits of “classicism,” an innovator who gave the orchestra a more complex voice. His symphonies are a dazzling display of textures and contrasts, of dynamics and harmonies and a quiet wit.

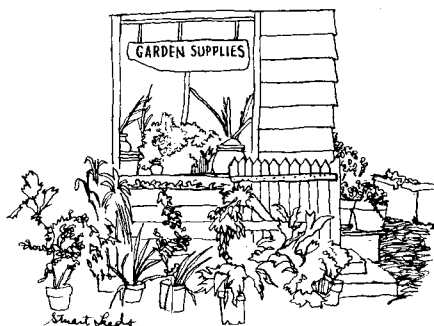
This unbuttoning of the Haydn genius has, however, been compromised by musico-literary criticism that marks off ten years of his overflowing creativity as a period of *Sturm und Drang*, which in no way conforms with the placid record of his life. “One might imagine the history of music to be very different if only he had explored the paths suggested in [his “crisis” period],” one critic has written. “They seem to presage not the sociable and lyrical wit of his later work . . . but a style harshly dramatic and fiercely emotional without a trace of sentimentality.”

It would be more accurate to say that Haydn, having opened a door, stepped aside and let Beethoven walk through it.

Putting aside these adumbrations, there are the works themselves—Symphonies No. 60, 63, 66, 67, 68, and 69—probably his greatest and certainly his most interesting. They have been recorded by L’Estro Armonico, Derek Solomons directing from the violin, in exemplary and most satisfying fashion (Columbia Masterworks M342157, three LPs). But you will not find in any of these symphonies the hand-wringing introspection and emotional laceration implied in *Sturm und Drang*.

What gives these recordings a special pertinence—above and beyond their dedication to score and composer’s intent—is that they are played on instruments of Haydn’s time. No one can aver that we are hearing what struck the ear of the Esterházy court. But I do propose the paradox that they sound more *contemporaneous* than any traversal by a present-day orchestra. The “old” instruments give us a clarity and incisiveness, a presence, that is lost in the resonance and brilliance of later instruments designed for the large concert hall. The inner voices and the harmonic intricacies spring out in a way that Papa Haydn would have thoroughly approved.

The question of original instruments is a vexing one. Paul Badura-Skoda



has brilliantly demonstrated that passages in Beethoven’s last sonatas, once considered unplayable, unfold clearly on a piano of the composer’s time. But it is a matter of record that Beethoven was a close student of developments in instrumental design, which proliferated in that period. This comes to plague us when we listen to his Sonata Opus 24 and Sonata Opus 30, for piano and violin, recorded on compact disc by Eugene Istomin and Isaac Stern (Columbia Masterworks M2K 39681). The quality of reproduction is superb, but the balance between piano and violin occasionally troubles me. Perhaps my past as a conservatory brat, trying to master the violin, an instrument designed by God to give us a foretaste of Hell, intrudes.

Many years ago I heard Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin playing these Beethoven piano and violin sonatas in Town Hall, and it may be that space created its own balance. It may also be that I have been glued to my adoration for the perfection of Stern’s instrumental technique. In any case, in a number of passages I had the feeling that Istomin, for all his sensitivity, overpowered the Stern violin.

It may be ungrateful of me to note this. These sonatas are great outpourings of melody and the richness of Beethoven’s concepts. Istomin and Stern move through them beautifully and in full accord, as if they were at one of those jam sessions at St. Peter’s that Frescobaldi led. As played by Istomin and Stern, the sonatas are inextricably tied to the dance, which is the *nunc et semper* of music. *Mea culpa*, I caught my foot tapping—but I am sure that Beethoven would not have minded.

It has been a very long time since anyone has said that Stravinsky composed as he did—or Picasso painted ditto—because he did not know any better. For those who did not get the message a half-century ago, I commend Stravinsky’s Symphony No. 1 in

E-Flat Major. Written when he was still a student in St. Petersburg and dedicated to Rimsky-Korsakov, it is Russo-European to the core—a solid piece of music in the genre of his day, and that is how Antal Dorati and the Detroit Symphony play it (London 414 456-1). In its first movement, there are echoes of Mozart’s “*Dove Sono*,” with a little Arthur Sullivan thrown in later on. And if you listen very carefully there are a few light hints of the Stravinsky that is to come. It is good to know that from the start, Stravinsky knew where he was going.

I compare this with *The Perfect Stranger*, a composition by Frank Zappa, with Pierre Boulez conducting the Barking Pumpkin Digital Gratification Consort (Angel-EMI DS-38170)—as coy an orchestral designation as I have come across since the days of the Red Oniun Jazz Babies. “All material contained herein is for entertainment purposes only, and should not be confused with any other form of artistic expression,” we are told of this computerized babble. All too true, except that the entertainment is lacking. □

DELECTATIONS

EATING THEIR WORDS

Nika Hazelton

ONCE MORE, confronting the vapid cookbooks littering my workroom, I am faced with the futility of so much human effort. However, there are some books about food that are agreeable and informative to read, and nice to cook from, too. Here are a few of them:

Country Kitchens Remembered, by Marilyn Kluger (Dodd, Mead, 296 pp., \$17.95), delivers what the book’s subtitle promises, namely *A Memoir with Favorite Family Recipes*. The author grew up in the Thirties in rural Indiana, but the country kitchens of her mother and grandparents, where she spent so much time, are pure nineteenth-century. The author, who writes very well, tells about Threshing Day Dinners, How to Make Sorghum, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and other festive occasions, The Rewards of Strawberry Picking, A Pie Safe in a Winter Kitchen, and so on and so forth. In

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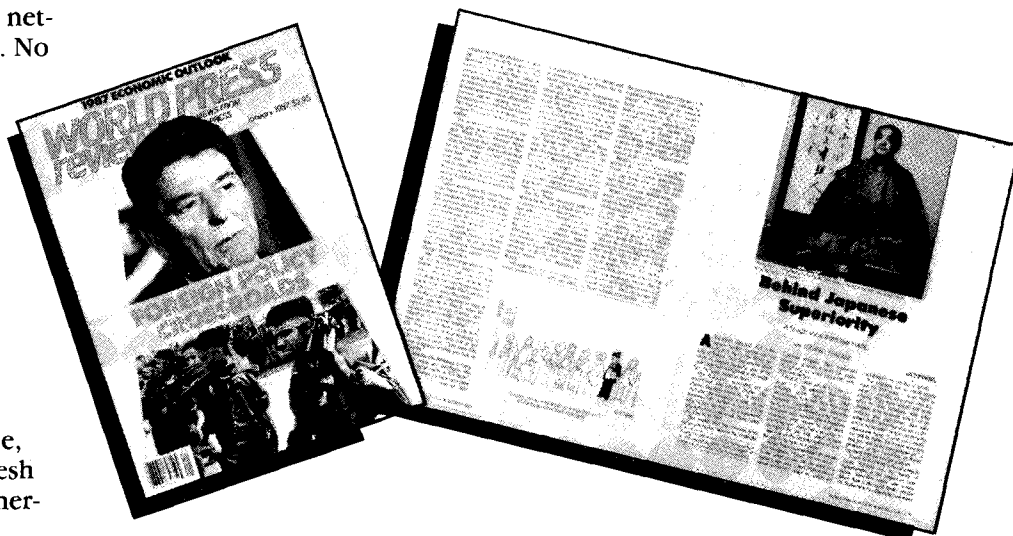
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short, you get an excellent idea of how life was lived in a close-knit, loving rural family half a century ago. The recipes are good old-fashioned ones, the food is honest and straightforward, and the book itself is nostalgic without sentimentality—a wonderful read for people who like to bask in a rosy past. I, who do not care for nostalgia, have nevertheless read it with great pleasure.

Fancy Pantry, by Helen Witty (Workman, 351 pp., \$11.95), gives 250 recipes for appetizers, relishes, preserves, breads, meats, desserts, drinks, and so on, plus information on equipment, techniques, and mail-order sources, and a season-by-season index of recipes. The author is the very soul of cooking integrity, and her book makes for good informative reading even if you, like myself, have no intention of making a

Four Fruit Vinegar or Mushroom Essence. My one complaint is that I find the book too cute in its wording; but its practicality, feasibility, and ease of instructions amply compensate for this fault. Compliments to the publisher for producing a good-looking paperback with unusually easy access to information about yields, storage, etc.

Small Kitchens: Making Every Inch Count, by Robin Murrell (Simon &

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IT IS NO news that a great many educators believe (or profess to believe) that any mention of religion on public-school or university grounds is contrary to the law of the land. Of course, the U.S. Supreme Court has repeatedly held otherwise. It has found that the government (which includes the public schools) is constitutionally required to accommodate religion in certain instances, and that religious speech is included along with every other kind of speech under First Amendment guarantees. In 1984, moreover, Congress passed the Equal Access Act, designed to clarify and confirm the rights of free speech, freedom of association, and the free exercise of religion held by public-secondary-school students. According to Senator Jeremiah Denton, "Equal-access legislation is necessary because school administrators have felt constrained to prohibit . . . voluntary student meetings for such reason that the speech contains religious content"; while Senator Orrin Hatch stated simply that "religious students are being told they cannot meet on the same basis as other clubs." During a congressional hearing on the Equal Access Act, a witness from the state of Washington testified that "Recently an assembly featuring professional athletes speaking about what has been an important part of their lives and what has made them successful was denied because it was held to be too religious to be held during school hours by the ACLU," the nationally recognized authority on the subject of religion and the religious impulse. In *The Freedom of Religious Expression in Public Universities and High Schools*, revised edition (Good News Publishers/Crossways Books, Westchester, Ill. 60153; \$5.95), John W. Whitehead argues that this assault is an abridgment

of the constitutional rights of students, faculty, administrators, and others, and describes ways in which people so affronted may employ the Equal Access Act to remedy their plight.

In his first two chapters, "A Historical Perspective" and "Accommodating Neutrality," Whitehead sketches the evolution of a consensus on church-state relations over the past two centuries. Even Thomas Jefferson, he reminds us, who most certainly believed in the separation of the ecclesiastical and governmental establishments, fell considerably short of the modern-day absolutists on the subject: As the first president of the Washington, D.C., school board, he was also the principal author of that city's first educational plan, in which the Bible and the *Watts Hymnal* were the chief, if not the only, books available to students. And the Supreme Court, so far from saying that the Constitution requires the government to maintain a strict neutrality between religion and the state, has held repeatedly that such neutrality is itself unconstitutional: that state "indifference" toward religion amounts to a subtle form of hostility. In 1984 the Court, in *Lynch v. Donnelly*, concluded:

The Constitution [does not] require complete separation of church and state; it affirmatively mandates accommodation, not mere tolerance, of all religions, and forbids hostility toward any. . . . Anything less would require the "callous indifference" we have said was never intended by the Establishment Clause. . . . Indeed, we have observed such hostility would bring us into "war with our national tradition as embodied in the First Amendment's guarantee of the free exercise of religion."

Or, as Justice William O. Douglas wrote in 1952:

[State indifference] would be preferring those who believe in no religion over those who do believe. . . . But we find no constitutional requirement . . . for government to be hostile to religion and to throw its weight against efforts to widen the effective scope of religious influence.

Ironically, the most direct weapon available to persons wishing to express religious views on campus was forged by the civil libertarians themselves, when they forced the issue that, in 1969, was resolved by the Supreme Court in *Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District*. At issue in *Tinker* was the right of public-high-school students to wear black armbands to class in protest against the Vietnam War. The Court, after finding this form of expression to be nearly "pure speech" and as such protected by the First Amendment, concluded that "in the absence of a specific showing of constitutionally valid reasons to regulate their speech, students are entitled to freedom of expression of their views."

From *Tinker* has flowed, over the past two decades, a vast number of judicial decisions—most of them, in my opinion, mischievous at best—greatly expanding the concept of the constitutional rights of minors. For myself, I cannot see why the First Amendment should be any more a guarantee of a child's right to learn, be taught, or express matters or ideas of an adult nature than the Second Amendment should affirm his right to bear arms, or the Twenty-First his right to be served beer in the school cafeteria. On the other hand, the Devil has chosen for his weapon a two-edged sword, and I suppose it would be irresponsible not to attempt to cut him with it. □

Schuster, 168 pp., \$19.95), is an English book with smashing photographs, diagrams of smashing kitchens, and a text that details everything concerning the place meant for cooking. There are chapters on Approaching Design, New Equipment, Making Space Work, Setting a Style, Ingenious Solutions, and Planning in Practice, plus eight case histories. In short, nothing is forgotten that could give you an idea of what you can do and afford in an old or new kitchen. For me, *Small Kitchens* made great escape reading; but if you are actually planning to revamp your kitchen, cheaply or expensively, you'll get some new ideas from this book.

Uncommon Fruits and Vegetables, by Elizabeth Schneider (Harper & Row, 546 pp., \$25), is an encyclopedia of knowledge and recipes (more than four hundred of them) pertaining to the new produce we now see and would buy more frequently if only we knew what the various items were like and how to cook them. I stand in awe of the author's ability to cope with the subject, complete with botanical names and nutritional information, as well as interesting recipes. I once wrote a cookbook about vegetables of the more common sort, like potatoes and beans, and I remember how hard it was to gather reliable information.

The Afternoon Tea Book, by Michael Smith (Atheneum, 275 pp., \$21.95). With uncharacteristic accuracy, the press release for this book says that "professionals use the author's books for reference, while amateurs turn to them for inspiration." True indeed: I read the opus avidly from the first pages and was tempted by the charming sandwiches and other tea edibles, for which the author gives easy and accurate recipes in the second part of the book. Obviously, this book comes to us from England, where afternoon tea still survives as an institution; where else would you learn all about the tea plant and its varieties, as well as learning all about cups, samovars, teapots, and the other paraphernalia used at teatime? You can, by reading this book, become an expert on tea habits in the ancient and modern worlds, and win a few small bets with your knowledge. The author is a British food and drink expert, a consultant to restaurateurs and TV producers (he consulted on the foods served on *Upstairs, Downstairs*), and a

cookbook writer; he imparts information with humor and a welcome laissez-faire attitude.

Last but not least, and a *bonne bouche par excellence*, is a delightful paperback: *Fine Preserving: M. F. K. Fisher's Annotated Edition of Catherine Plagemann's Cookbook* (Aris Books, 144 pp., \$17.95). M. F. K. Fisher, America's best, most amusing, and most literate food and drink authority, tells you how she uses this splendid 1967 classic. The book reads as if you were sitting in her kitchen listening to her talk. It makes for about the

nicest perusing I've come across in a long time.

Meanwhile, I would like to ask why today's cookbooks—or at least those I've been writing about today—have to be so hefty? With the exception of *Fine Preserving*, these volumes are barely liftable, let alone readily usable in the kitchen. Even a paperback like *Fancy Pantry* weighs far too much. While Aris Books is to be commended for the presentation of *Fine Preserving*, the conspicuous waste represented by the other titles is, to put it kindly, ridiculous. □

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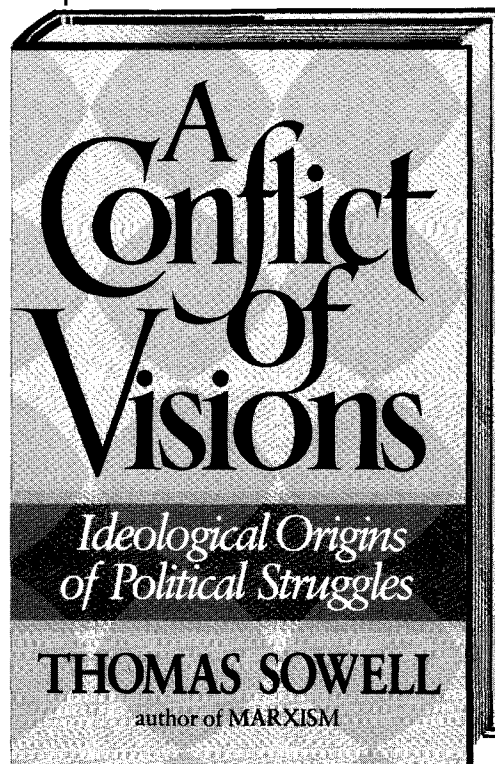
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—Robert Nisbet,
Wall Street Journal



William  Morrow

BOOKS IN BRIEF

All Is Grace: The Spirituality of Dorothy Day, by William D. Miller (Doubleday, 207 pp., \$14.95)

DOROTHY DAY was born in early November, 1897, and died 83 years later, in the last week of November, 1980. She was recognized as one of the most remarkable women of her time; in countless ways, she was the moral conscience of a nation. The story of her life has been so well told by William D. Miller, in the official biography of this outstanding Christian personality, that there is no need here to go over the details again. Suffice it to say that her meeting with the French peasant-intellectual Peter Maurin, in 1932, was probably the most decisive moment of her life. (Revealed here, too, is the devastating experience she had of an early abortion.) It was with Maurin that she co-founded the *Catholic Worker*, which is still dis-

tributed at a penny a copy. Subsequently, Dorothy Day became so immersed in social work among the poor and hungry, as well as so passionately involved as an activist against the prospect of nuclear warfare, that the luminous quality of her spiritual life has nearly been forgotten. William Miller rectifies this oversight by presenting here the retreat notes, journal, and some late letters of Dorothy Day, which reflect her image as surely as does the radiant photograph of her on the book's dustjacket. Miller himself has done a remarkable job of sustaining the various texts with his own very lucid and useful commentaries, providing the necessary connective tissue to turn these fragments into a book. All the same, it must be admitted that Dorothy Day was not one of the great writers of *pensées*. She says at one point, for instance, that "they [the poor] are not put in our way to be judged, only that we may purchase heaven for them." One would have thought that Jesus Christ had already done that through His death and resurrection. In any case, it is frequently assumed that because Dorothy Day was involved in politically liberal causes, she was therefore a spiritual libertarian as well. In fact, she was thoroughly conservative in her religion: She was constant in her fealty to the Church of Rome, disavowed the experimental folk Masses of the post-Vatican Council period, and rejected radical nuns who attempted to enlist her reputation in the cause of women's ordination. Dorothy Day had a good deal of common sense.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

FEDER

(Continued from page 40)

tion to prayer in public schools, Rabbi Menachem Schneerson, leader of the Lubavitcher Hasids, has a different perspective: "If we want the next generation of children to grow up as productive, moral human beings, they must be given the opportunity, during school hours, to meditate on matters of vital importance—their purpose in life, and the belief in the Creator and Ruler of the World."

Though the *rebbe's* opinion isn't shared by all of Orthodoxy (the UOJC opposes public-school devotions, fearing discrimination against non-Christians), others would go beyond

silent prayer. Agudath Israel, for example, "has long advocated a strengthening of religious values in American society and believes that structural non-denominational prayer in the public schools can contribute to that ideal."

On the question of homosexuality, the UOJC states that "the Jewish religious tradition deems homosexual relations as a serious offense, proscribed by Biblical injunction." Gay rights "represents an attack on the morality of a society whose laws are designed to protect and preserve family, morality, marriage, and procreation," cautions Rabbi Pinchas Stolper, the UOJC's executive vice president.

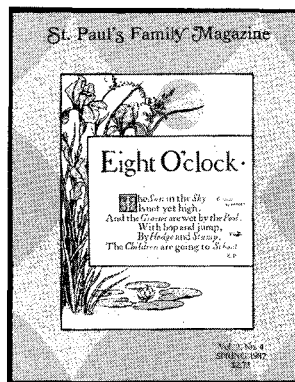
Agudath Israel's National Jewish Commission on Law and Public Affairs submitted an *amicus curiae* brief supporting Georgetown University when the Catholic school was sued for refusing to grant official status to a gay student association.

Orthodoxy is rooted in a three-thousand-year-old tradition. Said Benjamin Disraeli, "[The Jews] are the trustees of tradition, and conservators of the religious element." Russell Kirk observes in *The Conservative Mind* that "the Jewish radical is an anomaly: The traditions of race and religion, the Jewish devotion to family, old usage, and spiritual continuity, all incline the Jew toward conservatism."

In his 1985 book *The Utopian Dilemma: American Judaism and Public Policy*, Murray Friedman quotes Rabbi Seymour Siegel of the Jewish Theological Seminary, who believes "that the Jewish tradition has been profoundly misunderstood. It is, he argues, basically conservative. Contemporary liberalism has 'a tendency to favor liberty over order,' whereas Judaism has a high esteem for the virtue of order. . . . Liberalism has 'a tendency to favor universal characteristics over particularist ones . . . [Liberals] therefore tend to downgrade nationalism, ethnic self-identification (except for blacks) and endogamy.'" Judaism, as a religion and a people, requires a strong sense of identity and a certain separateness for its very survival.

The Orthodox faithful spend much of their lives studying sacred texts, endeavoring to understand their applicability to the world about them. Orthodoxy is a religion that shuns the leveling instinct, venerates the past, and teaches modesty and strict sexual

(Continues on page 64)



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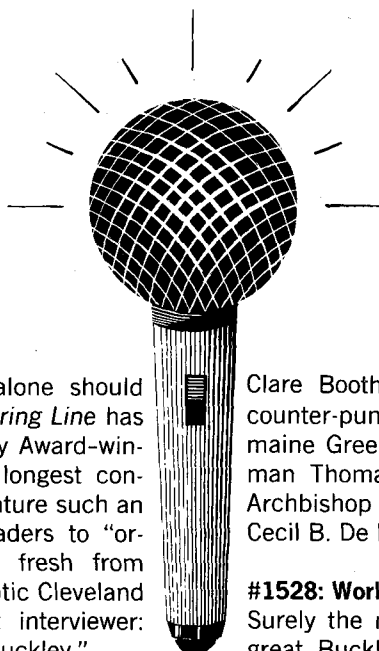
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But you probably know all that. The news is that the best of *Firing Line* has been deftly packaged in four standard hour-long video-cassettes—and you can get them for yourself right now for just \$39.95 each—or all four at the incredible bargain rate of just \$99.95 (including postage and handling!). Just fill out and return the handy coupon below—you don't want to miss an opportunity like this one—supply is limited, so act now.

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#1528: World Leaders

Surely the most historic show of all: if you missed the great Buckley-Reagan Panama Canal Debate you can now see and hear the stunning final arguments for yourself. And Gerald Ford just days before he succeeded Richard Nixon (who also appears). Plus a feisty Margaret Thatcher, an urbane, witty Harold Macmillan, a smug Ferdinand Marcos, a droll Eugene McCarthy, and the surprisingly tough Robert Hawke (the Australian PM, who deserves to be better known)—it's all fine, dramatic "hindsight" history, with Host Buckley too in top form.

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LOOKING THIS GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

NEW YORK, MARCH 6

GORBACHEV SLEEPETH not when the West is having a little problem with seasickness. He has grabbed the headlines on two fronts. First he proposes an isolated treaty aimed at reducing sharply the number of intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs) in Europe, and next he proposes a get-together with the sometime mad dogs in China. The explanation for this being, in the estimation of "an Eastern European source," that "The Chinese are now emphasizing ideology more, and the Soviets feel this creates more common ground." Another way of saying this is that the uglier life is in China, the more the Soviet Union has in common with it.

The instinctive reaction to the proposal is that its timing can hardly be a coincidence. The Reagan Administration is in desperate need of a little ballast and, until this is found, cannot maintain a steady course. Presumably that is the reason the Soviet Union is taking this initiative. But why is this proposal apparently agreeable to the same five Western European powers so shocked by the proposals floated at Reykjavik?

Pause for a moment over the skeletal terms. They are: The U.S. withdraws its IRBMs from Europe (316 cruise and Pershing II missiles already deployed, each with one nuclear warhead), and the Soviet Union withdraws its IRBMs from Europe and Asia (441 SS-20s, each with three warheads). That would appear to be a very generous exchange, would it not?

Now Richard Perle, Assistant Secretary of Sanity in Disarmament Conferences, is quoted as calling Gorbachev's offer "a constructive step that should open the way to concluding the remaining issues leading ultimately to a treaty." One needs to know Mr. Perle to understand the caution impregnated into this statement. A "step" is all that he calls it, and he uses the conditional "should." The easiest way to collapse any synthetic optimism based on Mr. Perle's initial statement is to remind ourselves that the Soviet offer is meaningless without effective verification, and that Mr. Perle said not very long ago that "verifi-

cation isn't difficult, it isn't even very difficult, it is impossible."

The next question to ask is, Assuming the proffered exchange were consummated, what would be the result? General Bernard Rogers, the retiring NATO commander in Europe, was quoted in *Die Welt* before the Soviet announcement. Asked to comment on the hypothetical arrangements, which of course were discussed at Reykjavik, he said: "If we agree to an isolated medium-range zero option without balanced and verifiable restrictions in the two other areas, then we would be in a worse position than in 1979." By "the two other areas" the general refers to short-range, and conventional forces.

The objective of any movement toward disarmament is, after all, the safety of Europe. The French stand out, in responding to the Soviets' latest by making the critical point that a reduction in nuclear arms must be accompanied by cuts in conventional weapons. Every now and again we need to remind ourselves that the atom bomb has been the friend, not the enemy, of Western European independence.

There is an element of fetishism in disarmament talk. Those afflicted with the superstition that fewer weapons means more safety avoid the most rudimentary thinking. For instance, if the Soviet Union were to decide to violate this treaty, as it has violated most treaties we have engaged in (ABM, SALT II, the Helsinki Final Act, the Biological and Toxin Weapons Convention), how long would it take the Soviet Union to redeploy its IRBMs? Answer: As long as it takes a train to travel from Siberia to East Germany—call it one week. How long would it take us to redeploy? We would have an ocean to cross, and the governments of five countries to negotiate with.

A second point: What security would, say, a Parisian be entitled to feel if he knew that there no longer existed any IRBMs in Europe? An ICBM has the range to go from the heart of Russia to Detroit. But there is no technological obstacle to instructing a missile capable of flying seven thousand miles to fly only 2,516 miles, dropping in on Paris. What reassurances are we expecting on the strategic front?

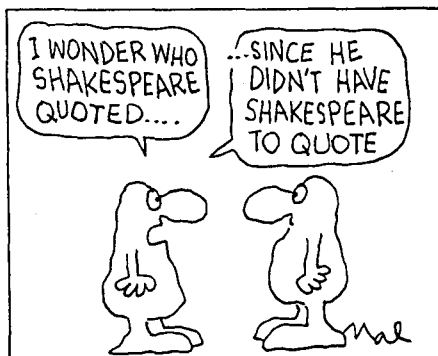
And of course, the point already raised, involving conventional forces. Does Mr. Perle count their reduction by the Soviet Union as one of the necessary "steps" to the conclusion of a satisfactory treaty? And will our verification rights permit little Richard Perles armed with sensitive instruments to hire Hertz cars in Moscow, pack up for a two-week bivouac, and snoop away to their hearts' content?

Mr. Reagan has much to worry about. Add to that the impulsiveness of those who would disarm at any price. □

THE SAFIRE TIRADE

NEW YORK, MARCH 9

FOR REASONS by no means explained in his tirade, William Safire has written that Nancy Reagan is something on the order of a public menace. One rereads his column, supposing it to have been misread the first time, but no, it is all there: He asks his readers to believe that the First Lady personally decided to fire Don Regan—whose dismissal, it would follow, had nothing to do with the Tower Commission Report or with Ronald Reagan's own sense of timing. He asks us all to believe that Mrs. Reagan's concern for her husband's health is a disingenuous way of shielding his feeble-mindedness from public view. She is, accordingly, "an incipient Edith Wilson"—i.e., she plans to let her husband vegetate while she administers the office of Chief Executive. She is "all too interested in appointments of U.S. ambassadors," which one supposes means that she decides who will become one, who will not. She is a grave addition to the national debt, as witness her "bloated, expensive East Wing staff." And her power hunger extends to designs on the future cultural life of Washington, D.C., to which end, Mr. Safire informs us, she plans to contrive that



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Charles Wick should become the next head of the Kennedy Center. If so, this serves only to remind us of the root incongruity, namely the designation of Washington's center of music, art, and ballet as the "Kennedy" Center.

What goes on? Why the spite, directed at a woman fighting for her husband's health and reputation? Is Mr. Safire specific in his charges? Well, yes. He claims that when Don Regan urged on the President a press conference in place of a speech a few weeks ago, Nancy was so infuriated that she said over the telephone to her husband's chief of staff, "Have your damned news conference!" That's specific: but not, really, all that scandalous. "Damned" is a tushery, nowadays about the softest expletive in the American lexicon Bill Safire writes so well about. There could have been one—or two—quite logical reasons for Mrs. Reagan's opposing a press conference. It might have been that she was concerned for her husband's health, judging him not yet ready to cope with the rigors of what would certainly have been a polemical free-for-all. Or, she might have been using her own political judgment. Manifestly, whoever recommended the press conference on November 19 was defective in political judgment. All that press conference accomplished for Mr. Reagan was a drop of 21 points in his national popularity.

Anything else concrete?

Yes. Mrs. Reagan has "a coterie of media biggies in whom she regularly confides; they passed on her drum fire of criticism of a staff chief who dared to refuse to defer to her advice. She was then able to display the ensuing reports to the President as evidence that his chief of staff had become an intolerable burden." There is quite awful analytical joinerwork in that statement. For one thing, it simply is not persuasive: My wife and I, for instance, have spoken with Nancy Reagan more or less continuously for twenty years. I am heavily involved in the media. In not a single conversation during the past three months has she mentioned Donald Regan.

But the extra-personal point is the principal one. It was hardly necessary for Nancy Reagan to drum up criticism of a chief of staff who presided over the White House while it laid one of the biggest eggs in political history. After the revelations of last November, the proposition that Mr. Regan was not doing his job was as universally obvious as the pleasure Mr. Safire gets from vituperation. The national relief at Mr. Regan's replacement would simply seem to reaffirm that if his replacement was on Mrs. Reagan's agenda, then she is politically astute.

Mr. Safire ended his broadside by suggesting that Mrs. Reagan, being the power behind the throne, ought to appear before congressional investigating committees to

answer such questions as, "Was the President aware of your calls to the media to undercut his chief of staff, and did he ask you to stop?" "Do you have any notes or tapes that might help a prosecutor discover the origins of [arms transfer] planning?" An interesting constitutional innovation: Investigate everyone and everything that might have influenced your conduct.

Mrs. Reagan would need merely to give that congressional committee a copy of her marriage certificate. □

BAKER'S MISSION

NEW YORK, MARCH 13

THE APPOINTMENT of Howard Baker as chief of staff is in almost every respect very good news. He is a man of large intelligence, wide experience, cool judgment, and ingratiating personal style. He can peer into complicated questions and distinguish the warp from the woof. His willingness to take on the job, at the expense of a reputed million-dollar-a-year law practice, is another indication of his disposition to serve. One doesn't usually leave Washington as Majority Leader of the Senate, to return as White House chief of staff. As a senator, he was his own boss. Although he will boss a very large body of people, Howard Baker is now a subordinate: and that is a very different sensation. All of this is reassuring.

A little less so is his reputation as a "moderate." "Moderate" has taken on an ugly flavor, during the past polemical generation, because inevitably—if you study closely its use—it is employed to designate a political position to the left of the position identified with the politics of Ronald Reagan. Howard Baker had for so many years to act as a conciliator, as principal Republican in the Senate, that the "moderate" halo, or stigma—depending on your view of Mr. Reagan's politics—may have got stuck unfairly.

Not many critics of the Iranian mess and the ensuing Executive decomposition have taken the pains to remind us of what it was that 49 states voted for in 1984. James Reston, the Big Bertha of liberal commentary, writes as though the only way for Mr. Reagan to "restore his credibility"—this is the shibboleth nowadays—is to adopt a liberal program. Listen: Reagan is responsible for the "largest annual budget deficit and the largest trade deficit in the history of the Republic." (Comment: A Democratic House consistently spent more than Reagan asked for. The trade deficit is as much Reagan's responsibility as the weather. The greatest cause of the trade deficit is the inflexibility of labor unions: Ask Pan Am.) Reagan has "misconducted" foreign affairs, for instance in Central Amer-

ica. (Translated, that means: Cut off supplies to the Contras.) "He never really persuaded Congress with his ideological supply-side economics at home [then why did more revenue come into Washington with 20 per cent capital-gains tax than with 49 per cent?] or his Star Wars nuclear policy abroad." (Reagan believes, and the majority of the American people do too, that a Space Shield is the single most important military insight since the discovery of the nuclear bomb.) "He retains the power of appointment, which he has abused for six long years . . ." (Oh? O'Connor? Rehnquist? Scalia? Weinberger? Shultz? Who, besides the Iran team, and the perennial weak sisters in every Administration?)

It is very good news that one member of Mr. Baker's transition team is Kenneth Cribb, whom Baker has borrowed from the Justice Department. Cribb is an arrestingly bright young man who waited ten years after college before going to law school at the University of Virginia, where he did so well that he was offered a job with the prestigious firm of Dewey Ballantine. He turned it down to work in a modest position in the White House, and has ever since served the executive branch. Cribb is a learned and devoted advocate of policies associated with Ronald Reagan. He spent the years between college and law school with ISI (the Intercollegiate Studies Institute), which for a generation has acted as a distillery, and then a transmission belt, of conservative analysis to the scholarly community. Cribb will serve Baker diligently, honorably, and, those who know him would go so far as to predict, inspiringly.

HOWARD BAKER, who had thought to run for President in 1988 and may still do so, is aware that he has not, so to speak, been made chief of staff to preside over the liquidation of the Reagan agenda. We have still a President devoted to containing Communism, in Europe and in Central America. A President devoted to the proposition that there is a point after which taxation injures rather than abets economic progress. Devoted to the principle that the free market is the wisest arbitrator of the public's taste.

The Reagan Administration has miles to go before it sleeps. It must resist a fetishistic pursuit of disarmament; it needs to face the crazy agricultural glut, to reduce dependency on government, to encourage those looking into informed and ingenious approaches to the problems of poverty, illegitimacy, illiteracy, delinquency, drugs. I served with great pleasure as master of ceremonies at the testimonial dinner dispatching Howard Baker from Washington. I would as enthusiastically serve the same function at a testimonial dinner ushering him back to Washington. We could call it a Reagan Revival Dinner. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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FEDER

(Continued from page 58)

morality. Torah Judaism is a way of life. Based on a series of divine commandments (613 in all) and rabbinical elucidations, it seeks to regulate every aspect of life. The goal is to imbue mundane existence with holiness, to elevate the individual above his animal appetites to a spiritual plane. Thus a strict code guides the religious Jew in his business affairs, interpersonal relationships, sexual conduct, and even nourishment. There are blessings for almost every act, from rising in the morning to eating the first fruit of the season. The objective is to make the Jew cognizant of his dependence on the Creator and to cultivate a sense of gratitude for divine beneficence.

The leitmotif of traditional Judaism is self-control. "You shall not follow your own heart, after which you used to go astray," the Torah enjoins. It should hardly come as a surprise that someone imbued with this ethos would be disturbed by the excesses of today's secular society.

In the battle with militant secularism, collectivism, and Times Square culture, conservatives have a staunch ally in the Torah community. After all, it was the ancient Jews who gave the West its ethical code. How fitting, then, that their descendants are now joining the fight for the preservation and extension of that sacred legacy. □

SCHIFFREN

(Continued from page 37)

forging an alliance with Robertson's people, and the Bush campaign has delighted in pointing them out. The candidate who wins the evangelical Right gets a large and enthusiastic following, but he may also alienate moderate Republicans as well as other important segments of the Reagan coalition—especially blue-collar Catholics and, even more importantly, yuppies.

Indeed, there has been a fierce debate within the Kemp national organization over whether Kemp should tailor his message more toward activists from the religious Right or more toward the yuppie side. Michigan seemed to represent a tilt toward the former. The issue that eventually dominated the state convention was school-based clinics that dispense contraceptives. That prompted a dire warning from

Secchia: "When we become known as the anti-sex, anti-condom, you-can-only-do-it-lying-down party, you remember who did it, and who brought these people in." Some Michigan Republicans say they fear the Kemp campaign's shenanigans will split the party, harming other GOP candidates in Michigan. On the other hand, as one Kemp operative argued: "If Jack wins the nomination, he'll win the state. No one is going to care about an internal deal from back in early 1987."

The Kemp-Robertson alliance hasn't been all smooth sailing. The Robertson camp attempted to take sole credit for bumping Bush from the headlines in Michigan, although the agreement, according to a Kemp leader, had been to present the convention results to the media as "a clear conservative victory in the state." But, he said, there was concern among Robertson's national leadership "that Kemp would pick up chairmen, committee seats, get better press and too much attention." Actually, the Kemp people don't seem upset that Robertson's organization has tried to hog the limelight. "We love their exaggerated claims," the Kemp chairman said. "The Robertson people are making the exact same mistake the Bush people made by claiming the lead all fall. They raise expectations, but they're nowhere near a majority. Bush is such a big loser because he built expectations so high."

The final stage of the battle for Michigan's 77 delegates to the Republican national convention has yet to take place, but for now, it seems, Jack Kemp has reason to celebrate. As Clark Durant put it, "Kemp has a broader appeal and a broader vision than Robertson. From now on, everyone's fair game. We see all delegates as potential Kemp delegates." □

ARNOLD

(Continued from page 36)

tivity, which he clearly was not prepared to do.

The Soviet detention of Nicholas Daniloff greatly augmented pressures on the President, because, unaware of the approach to Iran, the families and the media started pushing the President to make a deal for the hostages in Lebanon like the much-publicized Zakharov-for-Daniloff exchange. That the Daniloff case was pure Soviet blackmail hardly seemed to register with

them. Jeremy Levin several months earlier had talked about "an exchange of prisoners"; by that he meant getting the Kuwaitis to trade the imprisoned bombers for our hostages. Not unexpectedly, the terrorists themselves joined in, issuing a statement through Beirut media urging the President to make such a deal.

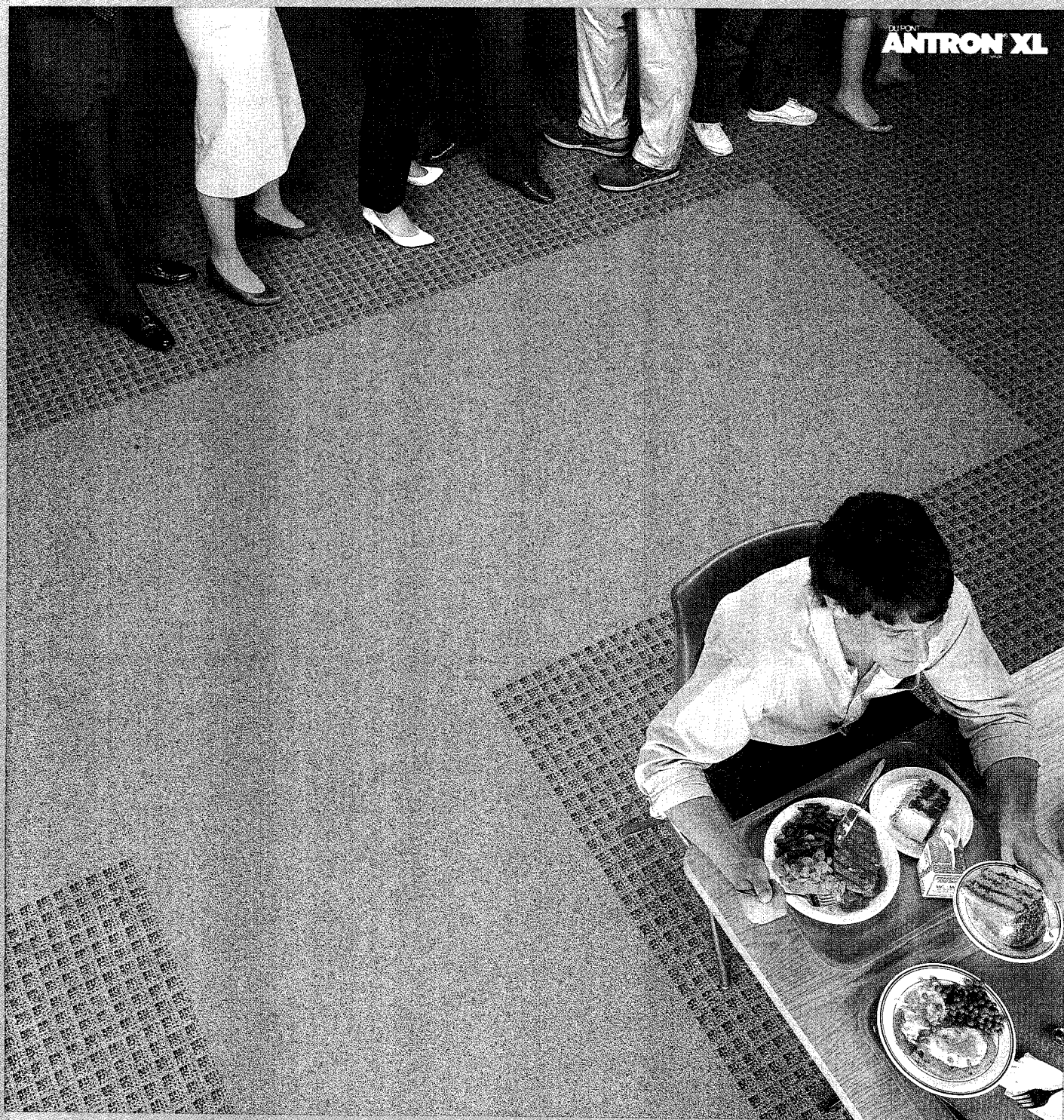
All the chickens came to roost right here, and only one of the hostage family members, Mrs. Peggy Say, appears to have recognized what happened. When she sent a letter to President Reagan shortly after the Iran story broke, Mrs. Say stated publicly that she and other hostage families and friends had put immense pressure on the President to get their loved ones released; therefore, they could not argue with the President for taking extraordinary steps to get results.

Mrs. Say recognized the central issue respecting adherence to a policy of no concessions to terrorists: You can enforce that policy only if you close ranks and stay on the same side. But here the President has not had much help. Rather, political opponents, the media, and hostage families have constantly eroded the policy. Democratic critics have asserted that the President exaggerates his commitment to the policy and have inadvertently encouraged foreigners to believe the same. The media have played up the criticisms, creating an impression here and abroad that a hard-line no-concessions policy is not popular.

It is a cruelty of fate that those conflicting signals gave the terrorists hope. If the terrorists persisted, our multi-media signals told them, the Americans sooner or later would come around; all the terrorists had to do was stay out of sight, hang on to their hostages, and wait. As they traded individual hostages back to us, the terrorists also had a strong reason to go back out onto the street and take new ones: Their demands still had not been met.

How exactly we break that chain is not clear, but the principal lesson of the Iran experience is obvious: Governments must somehow deal with terrorists, but a public campaign to make concessions to them forces our hand, while it strengthens the hand of our enemies. The king is always the real hostage. We ought not to behave in ways that merely tighten his chains and encourage his captors. □

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- B. Psychiatric malady of the Thirties? 55 178 21 41 124 167 159 5 102 143
- C. A Yalta casualty 173 33 141 151 14 66 78
- D. Soup of the Thirties? 133 54 12 96 37 161 172 89
- E. "Hard-working" source of Democratic support (2 words) 122 53 108 174 86 20 127 42 170 68
- F. 1941 Act to aid the Allies (2 words) 105 164 59 140 79 8 45 184 25
- G. Hitler's realm (2 words) 111 179 40 152 15 169 97 90 1 129
- H. Secretary of War (1940-45) (full name) 177 92 3 52 171 145 119 130 74 36
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- I. Euphemism for pornography 147 120 51 65 27 88 182
- J. Monetary casualty of the New Deal (2 words) 62 114 163 72 131 4 149 48 165 99
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- K. FDR held it longest 154 106 125 101 18 75

- L. Descriptive of most New Deal nostrums—at best 138 44 100 9 73 155 28 113
- M. FDR was one 49 13 181 117 34 187 64 85
- N. Lacking 142 98 57 118 29 69 107 157 186 16
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- O. Favorite gender of the unisex crowd 183 61 87 146 35 109
- P. The whole, especially for accountants 95 22 60 139 115 156 189 81
- Q. Area by the White House 121 80 26 188 39 136 83
- R. Country 76 47 168 123 94 17
- S. A day very good to FDR 128 70 11 84 32 158 134
- T. Spontaneously perceived 126 150 162 7 56 137 30 91 110
- U. Etymological abbreviation 112 166
- V. Fool 23 144 93 132 58 176
- W. FDR tried to pack this (2 words) 38 180 185 63 19 50 116 153 2 160
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	38 W	39 Q	40 G	41 B	42 E	43 N	44 L	45 F	46 A		47 R	48 J	49 M		50 W	51 I	52 H	53 E	54 D	
55 B	56 T	57 N	58 V	59 F	60 P	61 O	62 J	63 W	64 M	65 I	66 C	67 H	68 E		69 N	70 S	71 A	72 J	73 L	74 H
75 K	76 R	77 W	78 C	79 F	80 Q	81 P		82 J	83 Q	84 S	85 M	86 E	87 O	88 I	89 D	90 G	91 T	92 H		93 V
94 R		95 P	96 D	97 G		98 N	99 J	100L	101K	102B	103H	104A	105F		106K	107N	108E	109O	110T	
111G	112U		113L	114J	115P	116W		117M	118N	119H		120I	121Q	122E	123R	124B	125K		126T	127E
	128S	129G	130H	131J		132V	133D	134S		135A	136Q		137T	138L		139P	140F	141C	142N	143B
144V	145H	146O	147I	148W		149J		150T	151C	152G	153W	154K	155L	156P	157N		158S		159B	160W
161D	162T	163J	164F		165J	166U	167B	168R	169G	170E	171H	172D	173C		174E	175A		176V	177H	178B
	179G	180W	181M	182I	183O		184F	185W	186N	187M	188Q	189P								

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

**With a quality
record this
good...**

1981.

Nationwide quality survey shows, Ford Motor Company is making the highest quality cars and trucks designed and built in North America.*

1982.

Ford does it again.

1983.

And again.

1984.

And again.

1985.

And again.

1986.

And again.

*Based on an average of owner-reported problems in a series of surveys of '81-'86 models designed and built in North America.

**...we can offer
a warranty
this good:**

6 0 0 0 0 0

**Ford Motor Company's
new 6-year, 60,000
mile warranty.**

With a quality record better than any other major American carmaker, we realized we could give you a better warranty than we ever had before.

A 6-year, 60,000 mile powertrain warranty on all our new Ford, Mercury, Lincoln and Merkur cars, our vans, and our light trucks.**

With a warranty like that, and a quality record like ours, there's really no reason to go with anyone else.

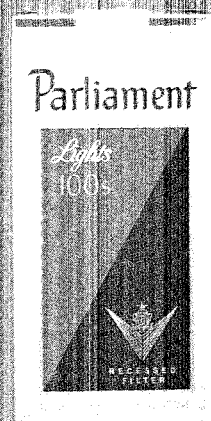
**Restrictions and deductible apply. Ask your dealer for a copy of this limited warranty.



Quality is Job 1.

**Ford • Lincoln • Mercury • Merkur
Ford Trucks • Ford Tractors**

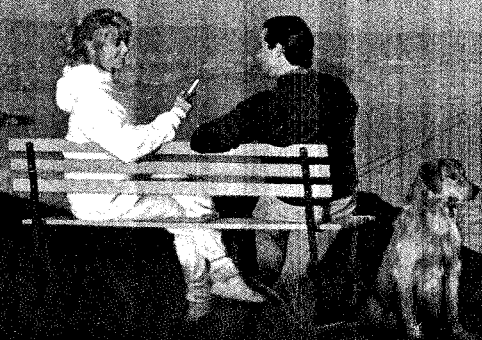
PARLIAMENT
Lights



THE PERFECT RECESS

Re-cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.

Re-cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.